

STORIES IN VERSE

A. B. CARROLL



Class PS 3505

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A. B. Carroll,

STORIES IN VERSE



P O E M S

Occasional

Educational

Miscellaneous

Sacred, etc.

*Anthony
eard*
By A. B. CARROLL, A. M.

Acrostic Title and
Contents of Volume
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See Classified Indices at Close of Volume.

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Inscription

TO my many Schoolmates and Classmates of earlier days:

To the thousands of Pupils whom I have been permitted to instruct and to serve as Teacher, Principal or Superintendent, and

To their patient and courteous Parents;

To the multitude of Teachers and other Educators with whom it has been my privilege to labor and to be associated in various capacities;

To my numerous Relatives and our Friends:

This work is affectionately dedicated with the hope that each one may find something to please and to appeal to the mind and heart of the reader.

Introduction

NO apology is offered for the appearance of this little volume of verse, which represents the work of the writer at brief moments scattered throughout his entire life from boyhood and youth to adult manhood and beyond. The title of the work could not have been like that of certain well-known predecessors, "Hours of Idleness," or "Leisure Hours," for such have been almost wholly wanting. A more apt title would have been, "Odd Moments," or "Hasty Minutes," snatched from the intervals of a busy and strenuous life, devoted almost wholly to bread-winning for a family of seven.

But having hit upon the idea of the "Acrostic Title," we decided also to use a super title, called "Stories in Verse," since most of the poems contain a story, which we believe is usually pleasing not only to the young, but often to those who are older.

In classifying the selections for the index at the close of the volume it was observed that many of the pieces fall naturally under two or more headings, and while each selection was first placed where it was thought most evidently to belong, yet many of the titles will be found to occur two or more times under different heads.

We realize that the first division of the classified index, that of "Occasional Poems," has by no means been exhausted, but that just a few of the almost inexhaustible list of possible occasions worthy to be celebrated in verse, have been briefly treated. The selections placed under this head include both such as were written and used to commemorate the occasions indicated and such as are suitable for use on similar occasions.

Under the heading, "Educational Selections," are included not only didactic poems, or such as are intended to teach a definite lesson, but using the term educational in a broader and more general sense, we have included such as are suitable for use in the schools for readings, recitations, declamations, songs, dialogues, and the like.

Among these are such pieces as, "Our Heritage," "Lincoln's People," "The Little Editor," "The Little Hatchet Story," "Little Critics," "A Sail With the Man in the Moon," "Class Songs," and others; most of which have been given repeatedly in public by the author to large and appreciative audiences with the most satisfactory results.

In classifying the so-called "Love Poems," we have included not only such as treat of conjugal, or connubial or social love scenes, but also those dealing with filial, parental and especially maternal love as shown in the poem entitled "Schenectady."

We need not tell our readers that we have attempted no great, no sublime, no epical themes. They will discover that for themselves. Some of the subjects, we are aware, are of local, of temporal or even ephemeral interest; yet we trust there are others which not only ring true to the universal heart of humanity, but which will continue to appeal to the minds and hearts of all refined, intelligent, cultured readers of all lands and for all time. If only a few are so received we shall not have labored in vain.

THE AUTHOR.

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A STRENUOUS LIFE

1921*

Had I but time to write my thoughts,
So deeply in the hearts of men;
A flame would surely kindle there,
Which never could be quenched again.

I scarce would write of evil deeds,—
Of war and strife and blood and hate;
Which make of man a savage beast,
For these we would eradicate.

But I would write of joy and peace,
Of friendship, kindness, love and home;
Of what mankind would elevate,
Of present good and joys to come.

Too much our bards have sung of war,
Of murder, rapine, blood and strife;
Too long of sin and shame and grief,
And not the higher, nobler life.

The young need not the martial urge,
The older should their bickerings cease;
And all should learn to follow in
The footsteps of The Prince of Peace.

Ah! much I've thought, but little said,
And less expressed in verse and rhyme;
But this omission, be it known,
Was chiefly due to lack of time.

O Time! best value we possess,
Whether at peace or e'en in strife;
It may be all but wasted by
THE DRUDGERY OF A STRENUOUS LIFE.

*Date when written.

Stories in Verse

THANKSGIVING

1895

(Written for a Family Reunion on Thanksgiving Day, in honor of our aged Mother, it being also her birthday, the writer being absent.)

I.

GREETING.

Dear friends and loved ones of our household band,
We greet you, all, and bid you merry be;
Though we must tarry in a distant land,
Our hearts, our thoughts, our love, are all with thee.

Could we but time and space annihilate,
And e'en our bodies as our thoughts convey,
We would not here one moment hesitate,
But would observe with you Thanksgiving Day.

No greater pleasure could this world afford,
Than to return once more to our old home,
And meet with dear ones round the festal board,
To talk o'er days gone by and days to come.

But since this happiness must be denied,
We send our kindest greetings and our love;
Assured you will for us a place provide
Within your hearts, and ne'er forgetful prove.

May this Reunion Day be ne'er forgot,
The Birthday of our dearest earthly friend;
But consecrate the meeting and the spot,
In every heart, till time for us shall end.

Then in this meeting let us have a part
Though still from you so many miles away;
We'll come in spirit, and with grateful heart,
Rejoice with you on this Thanksgiving Day.

II.

THE SEASON.

This is the time
In our northern clime,
When days die like
An ember;
The sad winds moan
In an under tone,
And tell us, 'tis
November.

No humming bees,
No balmy breeze,
No flowers now
Appear;
And thus you see
Such days may be
The saddest of
The year.

No gurgling brooks,
No shady nooks,
No wandering o'er
The field;
Ah! where the joys
For girls and boys,
This season then
Can yield?

The nights grow cold,
The year grows old,
The days pass
 Quickly by;
No one can doubt,
Who looks about,
That winter
 Draweth nigh.

The chill winds blow
Presaging snow,
And stifling every
 Breath.
All things look drear
And brown and sear,
As if 'twere Nature's
 Death.

The earth in gray,
Each gloomy day
Succeeds the
 Chilly night;
Old earth so sad,
In mourning clad,
How can the heart
 Be light?

No birds to sing
On spreading wing,
No beauties to
 Remember;
No grasses green,
No radiant sheen,
No, Nothing, but,—
 November.

III.

HOME PLEASURES.

While all things seem so drear without,
All should be bright within;
For this the season is, no doubt,
When fire-side joys begin.

The joys of other days recite,
Recount them o'er and o'er;
But the hearth is ne'er so warm and bright
As when the north winds roar.

Now, Nature's outer joys remove,
And bid us hither come;
That we may also learn to love
The sweeter joys of home.

The produce of a bounteous year
Is all now safely stored;
And naught of want we need to fear,
For plenty crowns our board.

Rich fruits have all been stored away;
The larder and the bin
Are ready for this festal day,—
All has been gathered in.

The berries, dried and jelled and canned,
The pumpkins for the pie,
The juicy fruits on every hand
Are stored both deep and high.

The turkeys wobble in the lot,
The porkers in the pen;
When these are served up, piping hot,
Who'll sigh for summer then?

The nuts so sweet, so rich and brown,
The pears so nice and yellow,
The peaches, which came tumbling down,
The apples, sweet and mellow.

All these help compensate for joys
Of spring and summer, gone;
Thanksgiving time,—for girls and boys,
Is a most happy one.

Then who would not rejoice today?
Sure, none within our ranks;—
But on this blessed day, we say,
Let old and young, give thanks.

IV.

EARTHLY THANKS.

We thank our friends
For favors small,
We thank our neighbors
One and all,
Whene'er they kindness show;
We thank the ones
Who give us food,
And those who do
Us greatest good:
Whom then, should we thank now?

Of all who live
On earth below,
Just one there is
To whom we owe
More than to any other;
To whom our hearts

Should feel more near
Than all besides
Assembled here,—
We mean, Our Dear Good Mother.

To her we owe
Our life and health,
Our talents and
Perchance our wealth,
And what success we meet ;
Our love of home,
Our love of books,
And quite a share
Of our good looks,—
Our stature,—near six feet.

To her we owe
Our early joys,
Our training when
Wee girls and boys,
Our love for what is good ;
Our longing to
Engage in work,
And ne'er to be
An idle shirk,
But do the best we could.

Then let us each
Remember her,
And not o'er long
The chance defer,
Our gratitude to prove ;
Not by unseemly
Vain displays,
Nor by our words
Of empty praise,
But by our deeds of love.

V.

THANKS TO GOD.

And now, my brothers and my sisters dear,
We have a debt of gratitude to pay
To Him who kept us through the passing year,
And has so freely blessed us here today.

Father, we thank thee now for life and health,
For strength, for comfort and prosperity;—
That Thou hast kept us, both from harmful wealth,
Nor made our portion, hopeless poverty.

We thank thee, Lord, for every blessing given
Unto our children,—dear to every heart;
Oh! guide their feet in paths that lead to heaven,
And from Thy precepts, let them ne'er depart.

We thank Thee for a home in Freedom's land,
Where none dare to molest nor make afraid;—
That our almost unbroken household band
Dwell near the spot where our loved ones are laid.

We thank Thee, Lord, for all the joys of life,
For blessings showered upon us from above;
For peace and rest from all ignoble strife,
For granting us the riches of Thy love.

We thank Thee for the full orb'd light of day,
Which Thou hast opened for a fallen race;
That many nations, near and far away,
Aspire to reach the noblest, loftiest place.

Father, again we thank Thee for this hour,
This happy meeting which has blessed each heart;
We pray Thee, guide us, keep us by Thy power,
Until that meeting, when we ne'er shall part.

THANKSGIVING

1888

Again the wheels of time around have turned ;
Again Old Autumn has her bounties spread ;
The lessons of another year we've learned,
The year will soon be numbered with the dead.
But ere it pass let each of us reflect
Upon the good which it to us has brought ;
And he who thinks cannot but recollect,
The year has been with many blessings fraught.
And these rich blessings all our hearts should fill
With gratitude and thanks to God above ;
For all he has done and is doing still
Our hearts should overflow with grateful love.
Each day throughout the year, he who is wise,
Will homage render unto God, most free ;
But on this special day, O Lord. should rise,
A universal thanksgiving to Thee.
Our nation's chief, this day has set apart,
A holiday ; that all, both great and small,
May give the nobler service of the heart,
Unto our Father, Maker, Lord of all.
And is there one whose heart so hardened is,
Or by misfortune has been so aggrieved,
Who fain would say the duty is not his
To render thanks for aught he has received ?
No, all should thank Thee, for thy goodness, Lord,
Has reached us all : None but have had thy care ;
To labor Thou hast granted rich reward,
And peace and plenty reigneth everywhere.
The blessings which our people have received,
Nor time nor space sufficeth to relate ;
And naught is wanting that could be conceived,
To make us truly happy, good or great.

Our nation is at peace with all the world,
Our people are the freest found on earth;
And anarchy from out our land is hurled.
The land where human freedom had its birth.
Our mines the richest ores and metals yield,
Our lands the finest grains and fruits produce;
And we have found in forest and in field,
All heart could wish for pleasure or for use.

Our people have been blessed with health and strength,
Our harvests have been bounteously stored;
And Providence, for labor has at length
Unnumbered favors on our land outpoured.
Since the first day of thanks was set apart
By our forefathers, on New England's soil,
No mightier motives to a grateful heart
Have blessed the labors of the sons of toil.

Those Pilgrim Fathers scarce had equal cause
To praise their Maker with a grateful heart;
Their faithful sufferings merit our applause,
But in such sufferings we have had no part.
Across the ocean came that pilgrim band
Numbering a hundred souls,—a noble crew,
Who sought for freedom in a distant land,
That to their conscience they might dare be true.

For many years they struggled as for life,
While famine sternly stared them in the face;
With savage men and savage beasts in strife,
That they at last might find a resting place.
Yet, when kind Providence upon them smiled,
Their souls instinctively did look above;
And with the credence of a trustful child
They poured forth praise from hearts o'erfilled with
love.

If they such homage to their Maker owed
For such scant blessings as they had received.
Our debt to Him is sure a mighty load ;
By no small service can we be relieved.
A happy people as we are today,
Presents a pleasing picture to the mind ;
And millions come from countries far away,
Because a happy home they here may find.

Today are gathered over all our land,
The friends and loved ones of each kindred race ;
The boys and girls, long gone, again they stand
At home once more in their accustomed place.
So, let the social converse of this day
Banish all sorrow ; gladden every mind ;
And while we cheer our brother on his way,
Let's lend a helping hand to all mankind.

The poor and needy, let us not forget,
Whom fortune has forsaken in our ranks ;
But give them comfort ere the sun has set ;
In such like duties may we best give thanks.
Our duty done toward our fellow man,
We may with reason claim the smile of God ;
And when, for evil, we deserve His ban,
He may withhold from us the chastening rod.

Father, we thank Thee for this blessed home.
This bounteous birth-right of the noble free ;
Where wanderers from afar so gladly come
To breathe the air of perfect liberty.
Still may her loveliest flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her grandest cities rise ;
And yet, till time shall fold her weary wing,
Remain earth's brightest, happiest paradise.

Stories In Verse

MY VALENTINE

1908

Blessings on the Christian Martyr
Called St. Valentine!
For the dear old soul has truly
Been a friend of mine.
Soon will come my silver wedding,
On this gala day;
And such joy as he has scattered
All along my way!

I seemed destined to live single,
A long and lonely life;
Not a thought or expectation
To ever get a wife;
But the help of his dear saintship,
Whatever it might be,
Coupled with a blessed Leap-Year,—
Did the work for me.

Soon will come my silver wedding,
As I once have told,—
As I did not wed till thirty
You'll think I'm growing old;
But I'm still a great admirer
Of the merry times
When the young send loving missives
Filled with tender rhymes.

But it grieves me when through malice,
Those of evil mind,
Mar the day's delights by sending
The ugly comic kind;
And instead of making happy,
Making others sad,—
To pervert a kindly custom
Really seems too bad.

For the day should be in keeping,
It matters not how quaint,
With the loving disposition
Of its patron saint;
Since it brought me such good fortune,
Made my life so bright,
I admonish would-be lovers
To keep the day aright.

What care I for old traditions
Told about this date!
Whether lovers choose each other
Or birdlings choose a mate?
Whether ancient German pagans
In their northern clime
Kept this day with song and feasting
In the olden time,—

Whether Roman Lupercalia,
With peculiar rite,
Was a similar observance,
Kept by day, or night?
This I know, it served its purpose
In getting me a mate,
And, while better late than never,
Why need one be late?

Briefly I will tell my story,
How, one leap-year night,
Many years ago this evening,
I, a bashful wight,
Never thinking it could happen,
All so sudden, quite,
Was entrapped by a sweet maiden,
To my great delight.

From afar I long had worshiped
At her distant shrine;
But had never dared imagine
I should call her mine;
We had been good friends and neighbors,
Oh! so many years,
But my hope to win her gave me
Many doubts and fears.

True, I had, on one occasion,
Been her escort home,
But her coyness would not let me
Ask again to come;
So I worshiped on in silence,
Wondering what to do,
Till I half divined she also
Knew my secret, too.

Strange that we, two full-grown people,
Both willing as could be,
Like two great big bashful children,
The truth we could not see;
I, a bachelor of thirty,
With a steadfast mind,
She a maid of twenty summers
And wonderfully kind.

But at last a chance occurring
On a leap-year night,
Many years ago this evening,
It came about just right;
Quite a score of fine young ladies,
Socially inclined,
Thought it best to give a party,—
All were of one mind.

It must be a leap-year party,
What should be the date?
Why not February fourteenth?
That would be “just great!”
Make it nice for everybody,
Girls could ask the boys,
Lay aside the old, staid customs,
Romp and make a noise.

Then they made it a box supper,—
Since for leap-year planned,
Every boy must bring a luncheon
Prepared by his own hand; (?)
And the girls, to make things even,
Elegant and fine,
Promised each to bring her partner
A handsome valentine.

How it chanced I can't conjecture,
But true as true can be,
When the lunch boxes were open
Mary ate with me;
Mary,—I forgot to tell you,
She is now my wife,
But I never could explain it
If to save my life.

But the valentine she gave me,—
Nothing half so fine
Could be bought if 'twere imported,
Not if it were mine;
Large card, elegantly painted,—
Now you needn't laugh,
In the center, oh, so lovely!
Her own sweet photograph.

Quick I placed it in my pocket,
Right next to my heart;
And I there resolved that moment,
With it I'd never part;
Other handsome things were given,
Exquisitely fine,
Dearly bought for the occasion,
But not one like mine.

Oh, the joys of that short evening!
Hours flew all too fast,
Songs and games and jokes and laughter,
Time to go at last;
Then, of course, I must be gallant
And see my Mary home,
And I wished, though quite a distance,
She had farther come.

Though 'twas late we did not hurry,
Nor take the shortest way,
We were so "engaged" we cared not
If 'twas night or day;
Then it chanced our conversation
To the picture led,—
I pronounced it quite a wonder,—
A trifling gift, she said.

So, to prove my proposition,
I reached to bring it forth
And show I did beyond all question
Appreciate its worth;
But sad mischance! by some strange blunder
Or awkward act of mine,
I, most stupid of the stupid,
Had lost my valentine!

For a moment I stood speechless,
I knew not what to do,
But made many lame excuses
To Mary,—wouldn't you?
Then our footsteps thrice retracing,
We scanned each foot of ground,
But, by us, that blessed picture
Has never yet been found.

How I searched and looked and wondered,
And felt quite filled with shame;
Grew more worried until Mary
To my rescue came;
"John," said she, in sweetest accents,
"John, you need not pine,
If you never find the picture,
I'll be your valentine."

Friends, my heart almost ceased beating,
But I stammered out,—
"M-a-r-y, d-o, d-o, y-o-u, y-o-u r-e-a-l-l-y
m-mean it?"
Much inclined to doubt;
"Truly, John," she answered naively,
Like a cunning elf,
"Have I not to-night already
Given you myself?"

No more words, my friends, were needed,
I at once grew bold;
And what next occurred, I'm certain,
Need not here be told;
Though 'twas near the hour of midnight,
It was not too late,
For had not my rare good fortune
Found for me a mate?

Soon I sought and found a parson,
Old but up to date,
Who at once secured the papers
Which should seal my fate;
Then indeed no time was wasted
Till the deed was done,—
In less time than I can tell it
We two were made one.

Talk about your combinations,
Ouija boards, benign,
Leap-year beats them all, when coupled
With old St. Valentine;
Soon will come my silver wedding,
On this gala day;
Oh, the joys his dear old Saintship
Has scattered on my way.

Listen now, young men and maidens,
And those more ancient still,
You can find a mate as easy,
If you only will;
There is just one little hindrance,
As it now appears,
After twelve tonight,—just midnight,—
You'll have to wait four years.

OUR MOTHER

1903

We mourn the loss of one whose matchless worth,
No mortal tongue could ever justly tell;
Like morning sunlight to a night-robed earth,
Her presence did our darkest gloom dispel.

She walked among us like the queen of morn,
For four score years, and longer yet was spared
Our homes to bless and brighten and adorn,
And ere her summons came was long prepared.

So gentle, kindly, unassuming, she,
And yet a queen, in all most noble things:
A pattern, both for high and low degree,
From lives like hers the richest fruitage springs.

So kindly and so full of sympathy,
As gentle as a quiet vernal morn;
None ever knew, but loved her tenderly,
And blessed the day when such a soul was born.

Yes, she was earth's true queen, now crowned above.
Our Mother! Sweetest name that tongue can call;
Now crowned with all the love, the undying love
Of sons and daughters, children's children, all.

Home was her kingdom, love her richest dower,
And duty kindly done from day to day;
She sought no selfish end, no wand of power.
But lived for others, in a Christ-like way.

Yes, home was her true kingdom, there she reigned
With grace and dignity so rarely given;
And her o'erflowing heart all hearts constrained
To feel,—her presence made that home a heaven.

Her faith was simple, but her life sublime,
In that it showed most noble victories won;
No boastful creed professed, engaged her time,
But God's own will and love and duty done.

To make home happy and bring heaven near,
To love her neighbor, go at duty's call;
To win a smile and stay a falling tear,—
This was her mission,—this her all in all.

This sad old earth has been a brighter place,
And better, for the love which she has given;
And in the sunshine of her saintly face
We had a fore-taste of our future heaven.

Her work is done, her cares and griefs are o'er,
Ours is the loss; hers the eternal gain;
God called her home, to labor here no more,
Forever there to live and there to reign.

God give us grace to follow in her ways,
To shape our lives by this divinest mould;
Then, whether life be brief, or length of days
Be ours, our real worth can ne'er be told.

By her example we have all been blest,
Her high ideals none could fail to see;
And while we bear her sadly to her rest,
God's name be praised for Mother such as she.

Love, faith, hope, charity, self-sacrifice,
With patience, sympathy and gentleness,
And every grace that human heart could prize;
These were her virtues; who could more possess?

"Well done, thou faithful servant, welcome home,"
For pain and sorrow cannot enter there;
God's voice thus called her hither, "Hither come,"
To dwell with Him and all His glories share.

TO CARRIE

1894

How dark! how sad! how lonely are the days!
Since thou,—whose life angelic beauty neared,
Whose smile was sunshine and whose voice was praise;
Our brightest morning star,—hast disappeared.

Oh, Sister! meekest of our household band,
Why wast thou thus so early called away?
Art thou to perfect in another land,
Thy life, so like a lovely summer day?

Wast thou too good and pure on earth to dwell?
Or why has Death now claimed thee for his own?
How great our love for thee no one could tell,
Until thy soul from earth away had flown!

So kind, submissive, gentle, meek and mild,
Thou wast the fondest, loveliest ever given;
How could we give thee up, thou darling child!
Did we not know that we shall meet in heaven?

Sweet Sister! God has called thee safely home,
With Him to dwell, from care and sorrow free;
And thou art calling, calling us to come,
Where we may ever live with Him and thee.

Thou'rt gone! dear one! but thy sweet spirit lives,
To urge us onward in the path of duty;
And every thought of thee, sweet influence gives,
To make our life, like thine, a life of beauty.

Oh! may we ever cherish thy dear name,
And give to all like thee unmeasured love;
And still, our Heavenly Father's guidance claim,
Until we meet in that blest home above.

Stories In Verse

THE CHARIVARI

1892

(Colloquially pronounced "Shiverree.")

There once was a custom, most horrid to see,
That was known in the West as the "Shiverree;"
First used but to mock aged widows, and those
Who married so oddly, that none would suppose
True love could exist between such a pair;
So, many would join to deride the affair;
And when such a rude demonstration was made,
It occurred in the form of a mock serenade.

This sport which was always so wild and so free,
In the untutored West,—one can easily see,
Soon became such a rage, that 'twas sadly abused,
And against all who married was sure to be used.
The high and the lowly, the rich and the poor,
The coarse and the cultured, the genteel, the boor,
Whatever their name or their station might be,
Must endure the insult of a coarse "shiverree."

The hoodlums by dozens and scores would collect,
And even by hundreds, and all might expect
The wildest excess for the night to prevail;
For with drinking and swaggering, they seldom would
fail

To stir up a fight, and with fists, clubs or stones,
Get bruises and cuts, and perhaps broken bones.

The crowd would assemble with instruments rare.
With cow-bells and conch-shells, and things that might
scare

Old Satan, himself, if he roamed round at night,
And is capable ever of feeling affright.
Some beat upon gongs and old kettles and pans,
And some blew tin horns and some rattled tin cans,
Some carried horse-fiddles, huge instruments rare,
That made the night hideous with clatter and blare;
Commingled with whoops and demoniac yells,
Which rivaled the noise of the horns and the bells.

Not a few carried pistols, revolvers and guns,
Regardless of danger a prudent man shuns,
And loading them heavy as ever they dare,
Kept firing them off, thus the timid to scare.

But why need we try to describe such a scene?
For words can't express even half what we mean;
And only the one who may hear, feel and see,
Can ever conceive of a real "shiveree."

Two things were demanded to purchase a peace,
Before these wild ruffians their revels would cease;
At once must appear both the groom and the bride,
Standing forth in full view in the door, side by side,
To be gazed on at once by the whole motley crowd
Who would crack their coarse jokes and then laugh long
and loud.

This over, the leader demanded a treat,
Of cakes, pies and apples and aught good to eat;
The drinks were supplied by themselves for the crowd,
To make them more boisterous and noisy and loud;
For most of the men in this region so crude,
Were not only coarse, but exceedingly rude.

Now it chanced that there lived in this outlandish waste,
Some families of cultured and delicate taste;

Who, fearing such rudeness their feelings might shock,
Like birds of a feather, together did flock;
And while they thus flocked, one impressible pair,
A young man and maiden, remarkably fair,
Felt drawn, each to each, by the cords of the heart,
Although when at home they were ten miles apart;
With a forest between them, most lonely and drear,
Where wild beasts oft wandered to fill one with fear.

There bears, wolves and wild-cats went roaming about,
As if 'twas their business to see who was out;
And yet this young lover, how strange 'tis to say!
Lived through a long courtship, till she named the day.

The nuptials were planned with elaborate care,
For he was most gallant, and she was most fair,
And the families were wealthy; of course they must give
An elegant wedding; and all those who live
Within their acquaintance, those of the elite,
Must be at the nuptials, their young friends to greet.

'Twas on Christmas eve that this couple was wed,
Exactly at eight that the service was said;
A beautiful evening, the moon shining bright,
And all things seemed merry and full of delight.

The greetings were over, the supper was done,
When the bride-groom announced that he now must be
gone;
With his bride and attendants and driver, must come,
And hasten at once to return to his home.

The guests were astonished; the parents dismayed;
Of a journey by night, they were sorely afraid,
Through a wood where wild beasts roamed about for
their prey,—
So they begged, "Let all tarry and wait for the day.

The snows have been deep, the winter is cold,
The wolves, pinched by hunger, of late have grown bold;
Then why brave such danger, without any need,
Reflect, and our counsel you surely will heed;
A reception tomorrow, you know, has been planned,
Don't mar all the joys of a wedding so grand,
But stay with the guests and be merry tonight,
Nor banish our pleasures with useless affright."

The bride-groom then spoke, while the guests all gave ear,
"My good friends, I pray you dismiss every fear,
Excuse our departure, be happy, and then
Tomorrow we'll meet you and greet you again.
Our reasons for going you plainly may see,
Staying here we must suffer a base "shiverree."
My lady has often avowed she would dare
Any danger, before such rude treatment she'd share.
Our horses are swift and we cannot be harmed,
For my friend and I, both, are quite thoroughly armed;
Our wedding, you know, has been talked far and wide,
And the ruffians like neither myself nor my bride;
Of the beasts of the forest we've little to fear,
When a vast horde of rowdies, we know, will be here.
So now dearest friends, we must bid you adieu
Till the morrow, and then we will greet each of you."

So saying, they hastened at once to depart,
With cheery good humor and lightness of heart,
Because they had reason at least to suppose,
They were thwarting the plans of their most hateful foes.

Quite swiftly they glided the smooth roadway o'er,
Until they had gone half the distance or more,
And nothing had happened of which I need speak,
Till, mounting the slope of a large brushy creek,
The driver has slackened his too rapid speed,
To take a brief rest, as his horses have need.

The forest is silent and nothing in sight,
Except the dense wood, upon which the moon-light
Is streaming most brightly, the snow crisp and cold,
Reflecting the moonbeams in silver and gold.
Hark! hark! what is that! 'tis a wolf's prolonged howl;
Such as often is heard when for mischief they prowl;
And now it is answered, right, left, in the rear,
By others; thus filling the listeners with fear.

In a moment, dark objects were seen in the road
Pursuing the sleigh, which would certainly bode
Disaster to any not ready for flight,
Or armed and well skilled to maintain a brave fight;
*(For now, rushing onward with appetites keen
Is a pack of the hungriest wolves ever seen).

Perhaps but a dozen at first, or a score,
But soon they were joined by a great many more;
Now forty or fifty are hot on the track,
A hundred at last must have been in the pack.

On, on, they are bounding with redoubled pace,
The driver is urging his steeds to the race;
But fast are the wolves gaining on their doomed prey,
Who now are most thoroughly filled with dismay.
The two men are standing with weapons in hand,
Quite ready to battle this murderous band;
But what can they do now against such a foe,
Will a pair of small firearms protect them? ah no!
If flight cannot save them, they surely must die,
But to make some resistance they bravely will try.

And now right upon them the wolves have advanced,
When both quickly fire; by good fortune it chanced
That a wolf was laid low; then the whole hungry lot,
Pounced upon and devoured him at once on the spot.

*The writer dreamed this couplet and the picture which it represents, which led to the writing of the story.

In a very brief time, sixty seconds, perchance,
All were ready again for a rapid advance;
The shots they repeat, others share the same fate,
And again all assist in devouring a mate.

This game is continued for nearly an hour,
Till a half score of wolves, their companions devour;
And now to the edge of the forest they come,
And catch a glad view of their long wished for home.
The wolves have desisted from further pursuit,
And all have been saved from the jaws of the brute.

The moon is still bright, and the hour is eleven,
The wanderers soon will be safe in their haven.
But listen! oh horror! what sounds do they hear,
More discordant than wolf-howls, now break on the ear?
What mad howling mob can this possibly be,
Who afflict them thus late with a base "shiverree"?
The house is surrounded with hundreds of boys
And young men and old men and hobbledehoys;
With every vile instrument known to the art,
That would grate on the ear, and would make the nerves
start.

From a lad who did then in the family reside,
They had learned that the groom would return with his
bride

At the early night-fall,—so all thought they had come,
And now were enjoying themselves safe at home.
Their revels already had raged long and loud,
And repeated demands had been made by the crowd
That the young married couple at once should appear,—
That no one had arrived they would not a word hear;
But being quite vexed, they began to express
Their ill will by indulging in every excess,—
While redoubling the noise, doing all in their power
To annoy those within, at this unseemly hour.

The ladies were so overcome by the sound,
That they both begged, at once to turn squarely around,
And return with all haste to the home of the bride,
And there wait the morrow, whatever betide.
The young men recounted the dangers they'd meet,
How the wolves would most surely cut off their retreat,
How the horses were jaded, their powder near spent,
But the spirited ladies would nothing relent.
For, between savage men and wild beasts, to abuse,
If allowed to decide, they the latter would choose.

Of course, a young man who is just newly wed,
Must yield to his wife, after all has been said,
And every fond lover, not in full possession,
Must, while he is courting, make every concession;
So the ladies prevailed, and they now backward start,
But without their gay laughter and lightness of heart;
For they see that before them great danger may lie,
And that yet in the forest, perchance they may die.

All went on quite smoothly, until they advanced
To the midst of the forest, when backward they glanced
To find that the wolves were again in pursuit,
Without diminution, but with large recruit.
Again the young men seized their weapons once more,
And did noble service, as they had before;
But ere they had gone half the distance required,
Their loads were all gone, every shot had been fired.

It seemed that each moment must now be the last,
For the beasts were surrounding them quickly and fast;
They snapped at the horses, they bit at the men,
They leaped in the sleigh, and then sprang out again;
They gnashed with their teeth; one inflicted a wound
In the arm of a lady, then sprang to the ground.
The young man has offered his body to give
As a feast for the wolves that the others may live.

The ladies are frantic, the men in despair,
The horses can't move, and now, death all must share.

But hark! what is that! see the wolves in the rear,
At the sight take affright and at once disappear,—
Great commotion is heard,—now the beasts have all fled,—
Quite a score have been slain and now lie about dead.
Who wrought this deliverance, so sudden and strange,
In the dead hour of night, this miraculous change?

'Twas a crowd who had been to the house of the bride,
Not knowing at all of this dangerous ride;
But thinking the young folks there, snug as could be,
Had indulged in a boisterous and rough "shiverree,"
Until late in the night, when at last 'twas made known,
That the ones whom they punished thus, long since had
 flown;

Then returning at last, near the edge of the wood,
These marauders, so bold, in a disgruntled mood;
Encountered the wolves at a feast of the fair,
When at once they applied all those instruments rare,
That would frighten a wolf, as it proved, half to death,—
And we think that a bear would have quite held his
 breath.

All the youngsters survived, and the wolves, only, died,
But I'm sure that those ladies ne'er begged for a ride
In that forest at night, with the same two young men,
And they never were *twice* serenaded again.

Now methinks all who read this strange tale will agree,
That small good ever came from a rude "shiverree;"
Unless we except this one instance, so rare,
When the wolves of the forest received such a scare;
And since the results might have been very shocking,
We hope all who wed may be spared such rude mocking.
This is all of the story I now care to tell,
So, will close with the saying, "All's well that ends well."

OUR HERITAGE

1906

CLASS POEM

In Seven Parts

(Written for a high school graduating exercise at Salisbury, Mo.)

PART I. *Our Times*

Oh! a glorious day is this day of ours,
The golden age of the world;
When right is might and knowledge is power,
And the banner of peace is unfurled.

Oh! life is a joy, an unceasing joy,
When the spirit of man is free;
And when effort will bring a sure reward,
Whatever our lot may be.

We are heirs today of all the past,
Inheriting all the good
Of all the ages; but have we
Become as wise as we should?

Science and Art our servants are,
Bringing us comfort and joy;
And these will ever increase, if we
Wisely our talents employ.

Man has conquered both time and space,
And is learning the laws of life;
The beauty of union and helpfulness,
The weakness and folly of strife.

He is gaining dominion o'er all the earth,
The secrets of nature he reads;
And nature, it seems, no limit has set
To all his wonderful deeds.

He rides through the clouds on the wings of the wind,
Through mountains and under the seas;
The forces of nature his slaves become,
While he directs at his ease.

His thoughts he flashes around the world,
And millions peruse them each day;
He speaks to his friends as if face to face,
While yet they are far away.

He illumines the night at its darkest hour,
Like the sheen of the mid-day sun;
He calls back the voice of departed friends,
Though ages have come and gone.

He looks through solids though dark and opaque,
And at far distant worlds in space;
He computes their dimensions, their days and nights,
As if he were face to face.

Then let us rejoice that we live today,
And not in the dreary past;
For our heritage now is most complete,
The newest, the best, the last.

Yes, a wonderful age is this age of ours,
The Golden Age of the world;
When the spirit of man is from fetters free,
And the banner of peace is unfurled.

PART II. *Our Country*

Our Country! 'tis a glorious land,
Reaching from sea to sea;
Where heralds stand
On every hand,
Proclaiming liberty.

No other land has skies more fair,
Nor fields of richer hue;
No flowers more rare
Perfume the air,
Nor give a lovelier view.

No brighter suns illumine the day,
Nor milder moons the night;
No breezes play
Far, far away,
That bring such true delight.

Here, grandest rivers roll along,
Sublimest mountains rise;
Here many a throng
With shout and song,
Oft rend the vaulted skies.

Here many noble deeds are done,
Here bravest men abound;
Here may be won
From sun to sun,
Best treasures to be found.

Here may be had most perfect health,
In this delightful clime;
Here men of wealth
Forgetting self,
May live a life sublime.

Our country! 'tis a glorious land,
Stretching from sea to sea;
Our people stand
A happy band,
Most noble and most free.

PART III. *Our State*

What think you of this state of ours,
This modern empire of the west?
Some have pronounced it quite the worst,
While some insist it is the best.

Our neighbors to the east of us,
With hearts quite full of pity,
Bewailed our fate for many years,—
A state full of banditti.

The state of Frank and Jesse James,
The Youngers and the others;
Who, though quite loyal to their friends,
To foes were not like “brothers.”

Our neighbors east and north and west,
All freely gave opinions;
And these were such as would not tend
To honor our dominions.

They sat in judgment on our case,
And what said “judge and jury”?
They sentenced us in just three words,
Which were,—“Poor Old Missouri!”

They grieved and grieved at our sad plight,
And thought us quite benighted;
A lot of folks upon whose souls
Day had not yet alighted.

They call us “Hoodlums,” “Moss-backs,” “Pukes,”
And such like appellations
As none were ever wont to use
Toward their beloved relations.

They quoted words used by a few,
Like “gwien,” “we uns,” “you uns,”
“You all,” “we all,” and “you all’s house,”
“Tote,” “bile,” and “all sich doins.”

We did not heed their foolish chaff,
'Twas quite beneath our notice ;
We could have paid them back in kind,
But they would still misquote us.

And so they sat upon our case,
Again, with judge and jury,
And brought the same sad verdict in,
"Alas! Poor Old Missouri."

They pitied us with all their hearts,
And thought they were above us ;
But, "Pity's 'kin to love," you know,
So they began to love us.

And after years had come and gone,
And time had wrought improvements,
Our neighbors longed to emigrate,
And then began great movements.

They came by thousands to our state,
From east and west and north ;
For they were yet quite wise enough
To see our real worth.

They saw the richness of our soil,
Our favored situation ;
From heat and cold alike removed,
The center of the nation.

So they at length reversed the case,
And said, both judge and jury,
We'll change but just a single word,
And say, "Grand Old Missouri."

And so, in later times they say,
This "Western Empire State,"
Has made such rapid giant strides,
'Tis grown both rich and great.

Vast prairies stretch for miles on miles,
With forests on their borders;
The products of the fields and woods
Quite amply fill our larders.

Rich mines of ore piled mountain high,
Or buried in earth's fastness,
Add to our wealth a hundred fold,
Unequaled for their vastness.

Grand rivers roll on either side,
Affording navigation;
Great cities nestle in their arms,
Objects of admiration.

Our neighbors have observed all this,
And now, both judge and jury,
Unite in giving us a name,
THIS name, "Grand Old Missouri."

What think you of this state of ours?
We know quite well your answer;
That 'tis the real "Empire State,"
You readily will grant, sir.

With vast extent from north to south,
Resources quite unbounded,
We could exist for years and years,
Though Chinese walls surrounded.

The world beholds this state of ours,
Most favored in position,
The state which made a grand success,
The grandest Exposition

The world has ever yet beheld;
And now, there's one decision,—
That our old state when viewed aright,
Deserves no more derision.

So, now, at last, the people all,
With wondrous vim and fury;
All join with us in loud acclaim,
And shout, "GRAND OLD MISSOURI!"

PART IV. *Our County*

Let's walk abroad today, my friend,
And note what we discover;
When hills and plains in beauty blend,
With flowers all covered over.

Or, if it be the month of June,
And oh! what days are rarer?
When earth and sky seem quite in tune,
And nature's never fairer;

When orchards, all in pink and white,
And meadows, sweet with clover,
And all the landscape richly dight,
Soft sunshine streaming over,

The winding brooklets babbling by,
Through shady dells and grasses,
The notes of song-birds rising high,
On every breeze that passes,

The fleecy clouds, like wandering sprites,
Floating, we know not whither;
The birds expressing wild delights
By flitting, hither, thither;

The gentle zephyrs, whispering low,
The secrets they are bearing;
The sweetest perfumes to bestow,
With us their treasures sharing.

All things seem full of life and song,
And happiness and beauty ;
And make us wish to tarry long,
Nor think of care nor duty.

Thus, though we wander on and on,
For days and days together,
And scarcely pause from sun to sun,
In June's delightful weather,
Each hour affords us new delight,
Each scene gives added pleasure ;
From blush of morn till hush of night,
Gives pleasure without measure.

If we go forth with open heart,
And eyes for nature's gladness,
Such scenes will purest joys impart,
And banish all our sadness.

Will banish thoughts of grief and pain,
And soothe our troubled spirit ;
A sweet voice call us back again,
If we can only hear it.

For nature, with a lavish hand,
Bestows her richest bounty ;
Mid scenes most beautiful and grand,
In this, our own, fair county.

* * * * *

And now, when half a year is gone,
Let's stroll once more together ;
And view the changes coming on.
In autumn's pleasant weather.

October days are passing now,
With richest fruitage laden ;
And golden trappings on their brow,
Like lovely youth or maiden.

The frost has touched with artist's hand,
The forest's lovely tresses;
And filled with beauty, all the land,
By exquisite caresses.

The golden grain is garnered high,
The rich reward of labor;
Hunger and want cannot come nigh
To loved ones nor to neighbor.

The luscious fruits are garnered in,
And piled both high and deep;
Rich stores abound in crib and bin,
In many a handsome heap.

The products of a bounteous year,
More prized than Klondike's treasure;
We see about us far and near,
Abundant beyond measure.

All summer long the sons of toil,
With song and shout and laughter,
Have wrought and plowed and tilled the soil,
And recompense came after.

The sounds the toiling millions make,
Are earth's sublimest chorus;
In praise to Him, who care doth take,
And daily watches o'er us.

Then, as we labor or we wait,
But to assist another;
If we but stand beside the gate
To cheer a toil-worn brother,

Let our part be so nobly done,
That no one need inquire
If we that welcome plaudit won,—
"Come up a little higher."

And let us learn to justly prize
The charms of our own home;
The beauty that around us lies,
Ere we have learned to roam.

And none need seek for fairer lands,
Few lie beneath the sun;
Nor quit thy scenes for foreign strands,
Oh! lovely Chariton.

PART V. *Our Town*

A neat little city,
Embowered among trees;
As sprightly and pretty
As one ever sees.
A fine situation,
For wide observation,
With good elevation;
"Tis evident,—very,
That this is Salisbury,
The "Queen of the Prairie."

Yes, a place most attractive,
A fine place to live;
In business most active,
Which the best profits give.
Now 'tis plain to be seen
Just what city we mean,
And unless you are green,
You'll be positive,—very,
That this is Salisbury,
The Queen of the Prairie.

Some things make us famous,
One of which is our springs,
For, Kerlsbad, they name us,
Monitau, and such things.

But what gives us most fame,
Is simply our name,
And all know whence that came,
For, 'tis historic,—very,
And English,—Salisbury,
Proud Queen of the Prairie.

A city most jolly
And quite full of fun;
It will keep on its trolley,
If it ever gets one.
Two lines of Wabash
Help bring in the cash,
Trains pass like a flash;
While many they carry
In and out of Salisbury,
The Queen of the Prairie.

Now if ever you leave it,
Ere far you have gone,
You sorely will grieve it
As many have done;
If you find a town like it,
You will sure have to hike it,
And possibly bike it;
Then why not just tarry,
In dear old Salisbury,
The Queen of the Prairie?

Here, the young ladies are pretty,
A fact they all prize,
The young men all quite witty,—
Unless otherwise;
And they all seem to know it,
And can't help but show it,
And so they just go it;

But they're nice people,—very,
In this town of Salisbury,
The Queen of the Prairie.

There's one thing quite provoking,
Which no town should allow ;
But should stop, without joking,
If one only knew how ;
Here, the young men WILL tarry,
Every Tom, Dick and Harry,
And our nicest girls marry ;
Then these they will carry
Away from Salisbury,
The Queen of the Prairie.

PART VI. *Our School*

A nice institution,
A building quite fine ;
Which makes contribution
To your pleasure and mine.
With teachers devoted,
A Professor quite noted ;
And pupils so clever,
Bad,—seldom or never ;
A good school,—yes, very,
“The Pride of Salisbury.”

Good buildings, good school books,
Nice pupils and teachers,
Distinguished for good looks,
Intelligent creatures,—
These, with sensible rules
Constitute the best schools ;
Since all these we possess,
You can readily guess
We are proud of it,—very,
Hence, “The Pride of Salisbury.”

Our teachers while training
The young minds how to shoot,
And much knowledge we're gaining
Like square and cube root,—
Are skillful and knowing
And patient and kind,
But delight most in showing
The young shoots how to mind;
And they're bright children,—very,
At the Pride of Salisbury.

Now, 'tis very important
That all rightly prize
This grand institution;
And make some sacrifice
To have it still better,—
Tip top to the letter;
For naught else so enhances,
Or our welfare advances;
'Tis important,—yes, very,
The Pride of Salisbury.

For here, lads and lasses,
Though wayward or staid,
Soon into all classes
Of people are made.
Here grow up our teachers
Our statesmen and preachers,
Our doctors and lawyers
Our teamsters and sawyers,
So 'tis useful, yes, very,
The Pride of Salisbury.

Yes, and soldiers and sailors
No doubt may be found;
While merchants and tailors
And farmers abound.

And judges and jurists
And travelers and tourists,
Architects and contractors
And possibly actors ;
All a great credit,—very,
To the Pride of Salisbury.

There's naught else whatever,
Save only, our homes,
Which, useful and clever,
So to every heart comes.
Then let all love and cherish,
Not with great noise and flourish,
But with earnest devotion
Contribute our portion
To make it good,—very,
“The Pride of Salisbury.”

PART VII. *Our Song*

Adapted from Flotow.

Class Motto: “*Our Future Life Is Dawning.*”

One more song, and then we sever,
One more clasp of hands, and then
We must part, perhaps forever,
But we'll hope to meet again ;
Life's great school is now before us,
So our lessons here must end ;
May the same kind love be o'er us
Whereso'er our ways may tend.

Though we've toiled awhile together,
Our real work has just begun ;
For life's duties are before us,—
We must meet them one by one ;
At the first faint gleam of morning,
We at once would seek the light ;

Now "*our future life is dawning*,"—
May it ever shine more bright.

Sweet the memories without number,
'Round each dear familiar place;
Memories that never slumber,—
Thoughts which time cannot efface;
Faithful friends and dear companions,
All we've known and loved so well;
Now has come the hour of parting,
As we bid you all, FAREWELL.

A CLASS SONG

1889

(Music: Evelyn Lee)

Class Motto: "*From School Life to Life's School.*"

Now we'll sing a song of parting,
Ere we bid you all adieu,
And go forth to other duties,
Life's rough journey to pursue.

Chorus:

School days are over,
How our hearts yearn;
Days gone forever,
Never to return.

Oh! the years have flown so swiftly,
Golden years, so quickly passed,
Yet the lessons they have taught us,
Through eternity shall last.

Chorus:

School days are over,
But as we part,
Kind thoughts will linger
In every heart.

As we thus complete our school life,
And to life's school enter in,
We shall use our best endeavor,
Life's great prizes there to win.

Chorus:

School days are over,
But memory's chain,
Bright and unsullied
Ever shall remain.

Our brief song must here be ended,
For our parting new draws nigh;
Friends and teachers and dear schoolmates,
One and all, good-bye, good-bye.

Chorus:

School days are over,
Oh! how they fly;
Kind friends we bid you
One and all, good-bye.

CLASS SONG

1890

(Motto: "Our Work Lies Before Us.")

Kind Friends, before we bid adieu,
To all assembled here,
We'll sing to you this parting song,
The saddest of the year;
While we have toiled with hand and brain,
The golden sands have run,
But we have learned this truth at last,—
Our work is just begun.

Chorus

Then let us labor with a will,
Each precious moment flies;
The Master then will say, "Well done,"
OUR WORK BEFORE US LIES.

We cannot know what time will bring
Of pleasure or of pain,
But hope the years we here have toiled,
Have not been spent in vain;
And as we part we yet will hope
Again to meet each friend,
And that where'er our duties lead
Rich blessings may attend.

Chorus.

Then let us labor with a will,
Each golden moment flies;
We can't rely on efforts past,—
Much work before us lies.

A sad farewell to one and all,
Teachers and school-mates, dear,
And may the links of friendship's chain
Grow brighter year by year;
And may the lessons we have learned
Through all the happy past,
Find a sure lodgement in each heart,—
Bring golden fruit at last.

Chorus

Then bid us God-speed in our work,
Each precious moment flies;
When life shall end, may it be said,—
"Our work all finished lies."

INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO OUR SERVICE FLAG, A SONG

During the GREAT WORLD WAR for freedom and right against tyranny and oppression, from 1914 to 1918, it was a custom with most of the Allied Nations to hang a Service Flag in the window of each home and business house from which a soldier had gone forth to the war.

The flag consisted of a rectangular piece of silk, felt, bunting or other suitable material, oblong in shape, with a broad band of red around the margin and a corresponding field of white in the center, upon which was placed a small blue star for each soldier serving his country.

In case a soldier was wounded in action or performed some distinguished act of gallantry or heroism, a silver star was substituted for the blue one, and when death resulted, a golden star was used; hence these lines.

SONG, OUR SERVICE FLAG

1917

There's a dear little flag in the window,
A flag very precious to me;
With its little blue star in the center,
For a dear one gone over the sea;
So nobly he gave his young man-hood
To the struggle for freedom and right,
And is pledging his all, thus to rescue
Our land from oppression's dark night.
He has heeded the call of his country,
And of all the free nations of earth,
And such noble devotion has given
This FLAG and this BLUE STAR their birth.

Refrain

Then may this blue star ever linger,
While many brave deeds are told ;
But if it be changed to silver,
OH ! MAY IT NOT TURN TO GOLD.

We love THE OLD FLAG of our country,
With its stars and its stripes, so grand ;
With its red, white and blue, floating proudly,
While for truth, right and justice, they stand ;
But this LITTLE NEW FLAG in the window,
Lies wondrously near to our hearts ;
With its little blue star in the center,
And many a tear-drop starts,
For our loved one gone over the ocean,
And for whom all our hearts still yearn,
While we're waiting and watching and longing
For his SAFE and his HAPPY RETURN.

Refrain

Then we pray that this blue star may linger,
While valorous deeds have been told ;
And although it may change to silver,
OH ! LET IT NOT TURN TO GOLD.

We all love our dear land of freedom,
And with all we possess will defend ;
And with never a thought but of honor,
We will stand for the right to the end ;
We are bound to subdue the bold tyrant,
And all who would lend him their aid ;
So we never will cease nor will falter,
Till liberty safe has been made.
But we pray night and day for our loved one,
Who is giving up all, to defend
Our country from ruthless oppression,
And who FIRMLY will stand TO THE END.

Refrain

Then let this blue star ever linger,
While the bravest of deeds are still told;
And e'en though it be changed to silver,
GOD GRANT THAT IT TURN NOT TO GOLD!

(After Peace Came)

1918

But now the whole world has been rescued,
From the threat of appression's dark night;
And millions of hearts are exulting
In the victory for freedom and right:
All honor to those who have conquered
The foe, nor have counted their loss:
The armies, the navies, the nations,
The Y. M. C. A., THE RED CROSS.
The world is now filled with rejoicing,
And millions are sharing their gains,
While their hearts are o'erflowing with gladness,
That their little blue star still remains.

Refrain

Yes, our little blue star still doth linger,
While many brave deeds have been told;
And though some have been changed to silver,
THANK GOD! THEY HAVE TURNED NOT TO GOLD.

A HYMN TO PEACE

(At the close of the Great World War, Nov. 11, 1918.)

Praise God for peace! A blessed peace,
A peace for all mankind;
A peace to reign o'er all the earth,
Solace for heart and mind.

Thank God for peace! And may it bring
 Respite to millions, who
Have suffered long the throes of war,
 Through madness of a few.

God give us now a lasting peace,
 To fail us ne'er again;
And let The Prince of Peace, once more,
 Rule in the hearts of men.

Sweet Peace! Thou snow-white dove of heaven,
 Abide with us always.
Live thou within our heart of hearts,
 Thou blest Ancient of Days.

C O D A .

A M E N ! A M E N ! A M E N !

SONG

WAY DOWN IN ALABAMA .

1918

We all lived way down in Alabama,
By the beautiful Chattahoochee shoah;
Where we always weh so very happy,
But we'll neveh have ouh happy home no moah:
Foh the wah hit comes along and takes ouh brothes,
Fah away off to some distant foreign shoah;
And we all ah now so full of sorrow,
Foh we'll neveh see ouh brothes any moah.

Refrain

Oh, deah! hit am so sad,—hit am so sad!
We will neveh have a happy home no moah;
Foh we had three brothes in the ah my,
And they'll neveh come back any moah.

We all loved ouh home in Alabama,
By the beautiful Chattahoochee shoah;
But hit now am always sad and lonely,
Foh ouh sojer boys will neveh come no moah.
We weh lookin' foh them every morn and evenin',
While a watchin' by ouh little cabin doah;
But hit only leaves us sad and grievin',
Foh they never cain't come back to us no moah.

Refrain

Oh, deah! hit am so sad,—so bery sad!
We must tell you all ouh troubles o'eh and o'eh;
Foh we had three brothes in the ah my,
And they didn't come back any moah.

When we all go back to Alabama,
On the beautiful Chattahoochee shoah;
We will weah ouh lives away in weepin',
Foh ouh sojes neveh cain't come back no moah.
They weh always every day so gay and happy,
With the songs that they weh singin' o'eh and o'eh;
But theih songs ah now foreveh silent,
And we'll heah theih happy voices neveh moah.

Refrain

Oh, deah! hit am so sad,—yes bery sad!
Suah, we neveh want no wah any moah;
Foh we had three brothes in the ah my,
And they'll neveh come back any moah.

HAIL, BRITTANIA!

1911

(In response to "Hail Columbia, A Hymn to Peace," by Rev. Mountain, of Tunbridge, England.)

HAIL! BRITTANIA! Royal Mother!
Mightiest Empress of the sea!
Ally in our holy purpose,—
All mankind from strife to free.
First to break thy bondman's fetters,
Leader still, in Freedom's van;
We will teach man, 'tis inhuman
To destroy his fellowman.

HAIL, BRITTANIA! Though for ages,
War its gloom around has cast,
Now the star of hope arises
Heralding world peace at last.
Millions in our Great Republic,
Honoring thy world-wide fame,
Call to thee to aid, assist us,
Peace on earth, good will, proclaim.

HAIL, BRITTANIA! Now and always,
Let us still remain at peace;
And while swords shall rust in silence,
Let all thoughts of warfare cease.
Thou the Mother, we the Daughter,
As one family we will be,
Bound by cords of strong affection;
Severed only by the sea.

HAIL, BRITTANIA! Still a leader
Of the nations of the world,
Help us lead them till the nations
Flags of peace have all unfurled.

“War is Hell!!” it has been spoken,
And if truth in this we see,
It, of course, should, therefore, follow,
Love and Peace, must Heaven be.

HAIL, BRITTANIA! This our mission,—
But to usher in the day
When the Prince of Peace shall rule us,
And none other power have sway.
SHARE we, then, with thee the glory,
Strife shall vanish, wars shall cease;
All mankind, this wide world over,
Dwell in unity and peace.

Refrain

Thee we hail, Brittania, Royal!
For a thousand years so great;
Mayest thou yet for many thousands
Bear thy royal crown of state!

MUTUAL HELPFULNESS

The flowers give honey to the bees;
Bees scatter pollen round;
Examples, these, of mutual help;
None better can be found.

The clover could not bloom at all,
Nor precious seed produce;
If bees did not the pollen bring
For this especial use.

A SYMBOL

1888

Close beside my study window
Stands a green and leafy tree,
Which at eve is rich with foliage
Fair and beautiful to see.

This has grown through all the summer,
Fed with rain and sun and dew;
Agents, it might seem, whose power,
Ever will its life renew.

But at night the frost king, fiercely
Throws his blight o'er all the land
When the king of day is absent
Giving him a freer hand.

Then at early morn when sunbeams
Stream across the golden sky,
See! a shower of leaves is falling,
Falling, falling, silently.

As the light and warmth increasing
Loosen up each leafy stem,
Faster, faster falls the foliage
Till the grass is strewn with them.

Thus it seems all living objects,
Soon or late, must pass away;
Only man's immortal spirit
Lives unto eternal day.

Thus our bodies, soon or later,
Yielding up life's vital breath,
Fall to earth, as falls the foliage,
Each leaf thus presaging death.

Stories In Verse

SCHENECTADY

(A Story Based on Fact.)

1890

'Tis evening; and the stormy winter night,
Upon the Mohawk, swiftly settles down.
No ray of light is seen in earth or sky,
Save here and there a taper's flickering beams
From out some humble dwelling. Now the wind
Goes howling down the glens and through the glades
And shakes the dwellings of the pioneers
In far Schenectady. Deep lies the snow,
Which, falling all day long, ere night, received
A glassy coat of freezing rain and sleet.
'Twould seem, indeed, on such a night as this,
That neither man nor beast could find a way
To penetrate the darkness and the mass,
That lay upon the earth. So, in their homes,
Rude though they were, the people felt secure,
While round the blazing hearth, in many a hut,
The happy children played their merry games,
And sung their songs, and had no thought of harm.

Thus passed the hours; all happiness within,
While winter blasts held carnival without;
Until kind matrons, with their tasks complete,
Bade all their loved ones cease their evening sports
And seek the night's repose. Soon all is hushed,
And every glimmering light has disappeared,
And darkness reigns supreme.

Thus hours pass by,
Till slumber weaves his spell, silent but strong,
O'er all the town.

* * * * *

'Tis midnight. In the east,
The moon is peering from behind the clouds,
As if she would behold the first sad act,
Of some dire tragedy. And while she seems
To hasten westward for a nearer view,
See! in the shadow of the forest there,
Dark forms are moving. Silently they glide
Like winged spirits o'er the glistening earth;
A savage horde comes swiftly sweeping down,
On snow-shoes, to attack, with cunning stealth,
This unsuspecting village.

God of love,
Look down in mercy on these slumbering ones,
And save them from the perils of this night;—
But if there is no way for them to shun
The horrors of this hour, oh, may they then
At once, with all their hearts, look up to Thee!—
And now, these savage rogues, with fiendish zeal,
Their bloody work begin. With eager haste
The village is o'er run; and still as death
The deadly work goes on. A hundred homes
Are soon ablaze; and when, with terror dumb,
The people flee forth from their rest, unclad,
Into the wintry night, at once they fall,
Father and mother, daughter, wife and child,
All-all are stricken with a savage hand,
And thus die, freezing, weltering in their blood.
But, if perchance, some spark of life remains,
To lengthen out their awful suffering,
Death comes at last, through slow but sure degrees.
The wounded ones are left to be consumed
Amid the flames, or slowly freezing, die.
A few are spared to meet a fate far worse
Than death itself. Thrust forth into the night,

Shivering with cold and fright, they struggle on,
Driven and dragged by their relentless foes,
Till life is near extinct. And when they fall
From sheer exhaustion, quick the bloody axe
Comes crashing through the brain.

Thus all are slain,

Save one, a fair young girl, the loveliest one
Of all the town; a girl named Constance Dwight;
Whose charming face and childlike innocence,
Wrought in those savage hearts, as hard as stone,
Some slight degree of sympathy and ruth
For her sad plight. So she is lifted up
And borne upon their arms for many days,
Till coming to the chief, he orders her
Placed in his wigwam and securely kept,
Until he shall determine the best way
To make a disposition of his prize.
Meanwhile he holds a council of his braves,
And having seen how beautiful she is,
He now resolves to sate his base desires
And take her for his wife.

In this design

The savages concur; and soon begin
Their preparation for the nuptial rites;
The while their chief repairs unto his tent,
And in his way imparts unto the maid
His base resolve. Oh, thought unbearable!
With one heart piercing cry she swoons away,
And thus remains unconscious many hours.
At length kind nature brings her back to life,—
Kind in intent, but cruel in effect,
For would it not be best that one so pure
And innocent of any earthly stain,

At once should perish, rather than be doomed
To such a fate as now awaits her life?—
Again the amorous chief his suit renews,
And tries to soothe her grief by gentle means,
But she will not be comforted. Again
He threatens, till in dark despair, she tries
To take the spark of life that still remains.
But all is vain. The nuptials are announced,
The greedy feast is served, the dance is held,
And all the rites of savage life observed,
And she is made a slave. Oh, God! a slave,
E'en to the basest passions and the lusts
Of one she loathes, despises, hates and fears!—
She cannot even die to end her woes.
She prays for death! pleads for deliverance!
But e'en the ear of Death is cold and dull,
And hears her not.

And so she still lives on,
Half dead, half living; being made the slave
And boon companion,—ay the very self!
Of one she loathes and fears!

Days come and go
And she at length becomes somewhat inured
To savage life. When many moons have passed,
And spring returns, and songs of birds are heard
Among the trees, and nature everywhere,
Seems pregnant with returning life, at once
She feels the thrill of life run through her veins,
And knows she is a mother. Oh those thoughts
Unspeakable! Such anguish now has seized
Upon her soul, that she would fain escape
And throw herself adown some rugged cliff,
Or plunge beneath the waves of stream or lake,

And thus blot out her life. But then, alas!
Her sacred creed has taught, that suicide,
For any cause, is murder; and she knows,
"No murderer can have eternal life."
But how can she escape, e'en if she would,
When she is daily kept, close watched by spies,
Whose eyes are like the lynx's.

The days drag by,

The while she feels, that she will surely die,
And yet she can but live. And so she lives.
And when the time has fully come, behold!
She is the mother of a dusky boy.—
A light at once illumines her dark soul,
And bids the gloom depart. Once more the sun
Shines all around, for now she first knows love,
A mother's love so pure.

The little one

Adds zest unto her life; for soon he grows
To be a sprightly, cunning little pet,
With many graces; and a charm, borrowed
From nature; and her mother's heart, bereft
Of all she once held dear, is linked to his;
And thus the current of her life runs on,
Until at last she has begun to love
The forest life so rudely thrust on her.

Some years have come and gone, and she is now
The mother of a charming little girl,
Who, in her beauty and her grace, ere long,
Will be a rival of the fair-haired girl,
That once upon a fearful winter night,
Was made a child of nature.

* * * * *

But let not

My story lag. It will suffice to say,
The mother had enough to do, to teach
Her little ones the arts of life, as she
Herself had known them; and that while she taught,
The teacher did, herself, imbibe much of
Another life, till then, she knew not of.
Thus did assimilation render things
Once so unlike, to be alike in much.

The years flow on, but Constance is not found.
Her nearest kindred,—who did not reside
Within the fated village,—have despaired,
Long since of any hope, that she still lives.
At length, by merest chance, the fact is known;
And friends, at once, seek her deliverance.
With what success, we let the sequel tell.
A man who had lived much among the tribes,
And knew much of their life, did undertake
To find the lost one; and his efforts soon
Proved a success. He then secured at once,
A friendly interview with the bold chief,
Who did esteem his wife as a good queen;
And when the pale face dared suggest to him,
That his alliance should be broken off,
He grew so furious, that had not his wife
Appeased him, he would sure have slain, at once,
The man who dared to cross him in his love.

At last, when the white messenger had pled
For many hours, that she might be released,
Or, that she should at least a visit make,
But to console her broken-hearted friends,
The chief consented; and he thus agreed,—
To grant her leave of absence for one moon,
If then her safe return would be assured.

But, lest she should forsake him and return
Unto her kindred, he did thus provide,—
That her two children should be held by him
As hostages, insuring her return.
But should she not return, within one moon,
Then both should die.

The lost is then restored
Unto her friends.—Oh, what delight is theirs!
What ecstasies of bliss, no tongue can tell!—
But when the daughter, saved as from a death,
Horrid beyond compare, gazes around,
And seems to find delight in naught she sees,
A sudden fear comes over all, a fear
That she has lost her reason.

But, ah no,
Not reason is dethroned, 'tis only love,
Which, though not dead,—from those whom she once
loved
The greater part has flown away, and now
Is with the little ones so dear to her,
Left in their forest home.

The mother speaks;
Folding her long lost child unto her breast:
“Dear daughter, whom the love of God has kept,
So tenderly until this hour, oh speak!
And tell us that you know us still, and that
You love us with a never failing love!”
The daughter, who for half a score of years
Has lived a life where weeping scarce is known,
Shows not the grief of those whose tenderer life
Is full of weeping. Yet her eyes are full,
And so her heart; and thus she makes reply:
“My mother dear, you are my mother still;

I love you as a daughter should, I know;
But when I tell you of those little ones,
Who, in yon forest, have been left behind,
Sure, you will not unbraid me if I now,—
E'en in my joy at meeting you, and all,—
Am sad to know that I must leave you soon,
And cleave to them, or staying here with you,
Must never see them more.

The love which you

Now shower on me, and which I so much prize,
But teaches me my duty unto mine.”
And then, omitting much of care and pain
That she has suffered in the awful past,
She hastens to relate her present joys,
And last, the stern conditions under which
She now has privilege to rejoin her friends.
Her story touches every heart that hears,
And causes even strangers' eyes to weep;
And others undertake to plead her cause
Before her chief, but he will not relent.

At length, when every effort has been made,
To break the thrall which seems to bind her fast,
When prayers and tears have been poured out like rain,
E'en from a summer sky,—ere one short week,
She bids adieu to friends and kindred, all,
And seeks her chief and Mohawk children dear.

But some who read these lines will scoff at her
And say, “Her NAME was CONSTANCE, but her HEART
Was so INCONSTANT that in ten short years,
Her love for those most dear, was quite extinct.”
But stop! Unless you have a mother's heart,
You cannot judge her in this case. She loved
Her parents as you love your own. But when

The choice was death unto her children, or
A home forsaken, and all other ties
Forever broken; then she could but make
A single choice,—a choice which I deem right.
For, when the heart of woman is kept pure,
And unpervverted by degrading sins,
No earthly tie is e'er so strong as that
Which binds her to her offspring.

Love of home,
Of native land, of parents, sisters dear,
Of brothers, husband, wife, all else beside,
With this will not compare. Name what you will,
There sure is nothing, save the love of God,
So pure and holy as a mother's love.

THE LITTLE EDITOR

1888

(Adapted)

I wish I was an editor,
I really do, indeed!
It seems to me that editors
Have everything they need.

They get the biggest and the best
Of everything that grows,
And get in free to circuses
And other kinds of shows.

And when the mammoth cheese is cut,
They always get a slice,
For saying "Mrs. Smith knows how
To make it very nice."

The biggest pumpkins, longest beets,
And other kinds of stuff,
Are blown into the sanctum
By an editorial puff.

The biggest bugs will speak to them
No matter how they dress;
A shabby coat is nothing,
If you own a printing press.

At ladies' fairs they're almost hugged
By pretty girls, who know
That they will puff up everything
Young ladies have to show.

And so, they get to go it free
At every party feed;
The reason is, because they write
What others like to read.

So I have just made up my mind
To learn to "Sling the quill";
Then won't I be a noted man?
Why ! Yes ! I guess I will !!

A FRIEND.

(Adapted)

1920

"A friend is a gift which we give ourselves,"—
Says a popular old-time song;
So I put you down with the best of them,
Who among the best belong.

For, of all the gifts yet given to me,
The most comforting, tried and true;
The one among all I most highly prize,
Is the gift, to myself, of you.

Stories In Verse

A SAIL WITH THE MAN IN THE MOON

1896

Little Miss Midget,
The dear little fidget,
She thought she must fly pretty Soon;
So no one could woo her
And nothing would do her,
But to take a long sail with the man in the Moon.

So she climbed up the steeple
And frightened the people
Who saw her perched up there so high;
Then she called to the moon man
Saying:—"Kind sir, how soon can
You take me with you for a sail through the sky?"

Then the moon man drew nearer
And listened to hear her,
And when he had heard her aright,
He at once became bolder
And smilingly told her,
That to take her a-sailing would be his delight.

Then with movements quite sprightly
He lifted her lightly
And placed her within the moon's bow,—
When she felt so delighted,
She his kindness requited
By crooning for him a sweet song, s o f t and l o w.

Yes, she sang it so sweetly
That she charmed him, completely,
And he sighed, as a lover might sigh,
And he wished that together
In all kinds of weather,
They might sail round and round in this way through
the sky.

Then they sailed over valleys,
O'er hills and o'er forests,
They sailed over mountains and streams.
She saw the trees swaying
And thus she kept saying:—
“Dear Moon-man, how grand and delightful it seems.”

Next he showed her the great sky,
As swiftly they sailed by,
Which he always in order must keep,
“And I've no time for playing,”
He surprised her by saying,
“For the bright fleecy clouds are my lambs and my sheep.”

Then he showed her some star flowers,
All besprinkled with dew showers,
The flowers were of silver and gold:
She, appearing quite tired,
He the reason inquired,
When she answered, “Dear Moon-man, I shiver with
cold.”

They had sailed round all night
And so filled with delight,
Had not noticed how time had passed on,
Till the first peep of morning,
Now the hill tops adorning,
The Moon-man said, “Darling, I soon must be gone.”

“For the great sun appearing,
As the morning keeps nearing,
Will demand that HE rule the blue sky;
If he sees you up here
He’ll be jealous, I fear,
So now I must bid you a kindly good bye.”

Then the little Miss Midget,
Beginning to fidget,
A dreadful misfortune befell,
For her hold she let go,
When she tumbled below,
And landed at last away down in the dell.

Now, when thus she alighted,
She was greatly affrighted,
But from this she recovered quite soon.
For I’ve since heard it said,
That while SNUGLY IN BED,
She had DREAMED all this sail with the man in the moon.

LITTLE CRITICS

A Dialogue

1885

(For sixteen children—eight girls and eight boys.)

1st Girl.

If we were boys, then you should see,
Some great improvements there would be;
We wouldn’t do like the boys! would we?

If we were boys.

(All the girls say:)

No indeed!

1st Boy.

If we were girls, I'm sure we'd try,
Before we raised too loud a cry,
To cast the beam from our own eye;

If we were girls.

(All the boys say:)

Yes we would.

2nd Girl.

If I were a boy I wouldn't swear,
Nor use bad language anywhere;
And always say I didn't care,
If I were a boy.

2nd Boy.

If I were a girl I think I'd refuse
Those ugly words called slang, and would choose
Such language as modest people use,
If I were a girl.

3rd Girl.

If I were a boy I wouldn't chew
And spit on the carpet, as some boys do,
But would try to be cleanly, and useful, too.
If I were a boy.

3rd Boy.

If I were a girl I wouldn't chew
That nasty gum, as most girls do,
And look just like a sheep, *would you,
(*Chewing vigorously)

If you were a girl?

(To the boy next below, who shakes his head.)

4th Girl.

If I were a boy I would throw away
That filthy pipe and cigar, and say,
I wouldn't smoke another day,
If I were a boy.

4th Boy.

If I were a girl I wouldn't go
With my hair all "taggy" just like tow,
But would try to be sweet and spruce, you know,
If I were a girl.

5th Girl.

I would try to grow strong and brave and true,
With some noble purpose always in view;
At least I think that is what I would do,
If I were a boy.

5th Boy.

If I were a girl I would just go
And learn to cook and wash and knit and sew;
And sometime I'd keep house, you know,
If I were a girl.

6th Girl.

If I were a boy I would never drink,
But would be a temperance man, I think;
And then in the gutter I'd never sink,
If I were a boy.

6th Boy.

If I were a girl, I tell you what,
I would never wed a drunken sot;
I would rather marry a Hottentot,
If I were a girl!

7th Girl.

If I were a boy, I would never fight,
Nor in urging others take any delight;
But would always say, "That isn't right,"
If I were a boy.

7th Boy.

If I were a girl I wouldn't pout,
And turn up my nose like a piggy's snout ;*

(*Showing how it is done)

I would try my best to leave that out,
If I were a girl.

8th Girl.

If I were a boy, I'd obey my mother,
As well as my father or older brother ;
Then mamma and I would love each other,
If I were a boy.

8th Boy.

If I were a GIRL, I would MIND my ma,
But as I'm a BIG BOY, I think my PA
Is the only one whose will is law,
SINCE I'M not a GIRL!

1st Girl.

You see the boys have many bad ways,
Yet some few things may be said in their praise ;
And I do not wish to be sentimental,
But I think they're both useful and ornamental ;
And of all that adds to our pleasures and joys,
There's NOTHING that helps so much as the boys.

1st Boy.

Well, as for the girls, I have this to say,
Though they have some faults, they're not much in our
way ;
And notwithstanding all we have said about 'em,
We would hate very much to do without 'em ;
For gold nor silver nor jewels nor pearls,
Are worth HALF so much to us as the girls.

(All the girls.)

We girls will own that we're some to blame.

(All the boys.)

And we boys are ready to do the same.

(All the girls.)

But we are going to try to improve.

(All the boys.)

And we are ready to make the same move.

(All the girls.)

Then let's not scold any more tonight.

(All the boys.)

Well, we are glad to say, all right.

(All together, both girls and boys.)

ALL RIGHT!

DIRECTIONS

The sixteen children should stand in a semicircle facing the audience, not in a straight line, the eight boys forming one-half the arc and the eight girls the other half. The 1st Girl and the 1st Boy should be the largest, and the best speakers, say ten to twelve years of age, and should stand side by side in the center. The other pupils should be ranged downward according to size, the smallest being at the end, the eighth girl and eighth boy each being as small and young as can speak the part well. The success and appreciation of this little piece, which has been given many times to the delight of large audiences, will depend chiefly upon the expression used by the children and the energy and spirit with which they enter into the delivery of the parts. The teacher should not hesitate to show the children repeatedly how to say the verses with expression, if necessary.

As soon as the piece is completed and the applause has sufficiently ceased, the first and largest boy should present his arm to the first and largest girl who should take hold of the offered arm promptly and these two largest pupils start to lead a march two or three times round the stage or room, followed in couples by the other boys and girls, the eighth and smallest boy and girl bringing up the rear, greatly to the amusement of the audience, generally. Just before the line starts the pianist or organist should strike up some such piece as "In School Days," or "In the Good Old Summer Time," which if played lively makes a fairly good march.

Stories In Verse

THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY

A Dialogue

(Adapted) 1891

(For fifteen People—thirteen Girls and two Boys.)

I.

This is the *infant*, Georgie.

II.

This is the *hatchet* that caused the trouble of Georgie.

III.

This is the *tree* that his father prized that bought the hatchet that caused the trouble of Georgie.

IV.

This is the *boy*, who, with tearful eye,
Said, "Father, I cannot tell a lie;
I chopped the tree, I'm sorry to say,
But I did it only in my play."
And this is the *deed* that Georgie devised,
Against the tree that his father prized,
That bought the hatchet that caused the trouble of Georgie.

V.

These are the *tears* that Georgie shed,
When filled with fear and a terrible dread,
Because of the deed that he had devised,
Against the tree that his father prized,
That bought the hatchet that caused the trouble of Georgie.

VI.

This is the *man* into which he grew,
A man exalted and good and true;
A man at the head of his nation placed;
A man that a throne and a crown had graced;

Because he resolved in his early youth,
That come what might, he would tell the truth;
E'en though confession to punishment led,
Though his heart was filled with a terrible dread,
Because of the deed that he had devised,
Against the tree that his father prized,
That bought the hatchet that caused the trouble of Georgie.

VII.

This is the *wife*, that noble dame,
Who shares with him his remarkable fame;
Worthy of such a man was she,
Worthy of such a wife was he.
“Our Country’s Father”—It seems to me
That she its “Mother” would certainly be;
And we might be proud to have it said,
For she stood by him while we were led
Through the darkest hours of that dreadful strife,
A true and faithful and loving wife;
While his heart was filled with a greater dread
Than was caused by the words that his father said;
Because of the deed that he had devised,
Against the tree that his father prized,
That bought the hatchet that caused the trouble of Georgie.

VIII.

This is the *father*, kind and good,
Who said to George, “My son, I would
That you might always as honest be
As you have been this time with me.
More prized is an act so frank and bold
Than a thousand trees of the purest gold;
I would rather my little son should die
Than tell to me one single lie.”
And then he embraced his son, ’tis said,
Whose heart was filled with a terrible dread,

Because of the deed that he had devised,
Against the tree that his father prized,
That bought the hatchet that caused the trouble of Georgie.

IX.

This is the *mother*, old and bowed,
Who was of her son so justly proud;
When he had confessed and, "I did it," said,
Though his heart was filled with a terrible dread,
Because of the deed that he had devised,
Against the tree that his father prized,
That bought the hatchet that caused the trouble of Georgie.

X.

This is the *confession* that Georgie made,
When his father called and he straight obeyed;
Penitent now and with tears 'twas said,
While his heart was filled with a terrible dread,
Because of the deed that he had devised,
Against the tree that his father prized,
That bought the hatchet that caused the trouble of Georgie.

XI.

This is the *country*, large and free,
That has learned from him what a man may be
Who holds to the purpose, grand and true,
To speak the truth his whole life through;
Though into wrong doing his hands were led,
While his heart was filled with a terrible dread,
Because of the deed that he had devised,
Against the tree that his father prized,
That bought the hatchet that caused the trouble of Georgie.

XII.

This is the *flag* he loved so well,
For which so many brave heroes fell;
How we should love it! O, let it be
Forever floating o'er land and sea!

Let no rude hand its colors soil,
No traitorous band its folds despoil ;
Let each do all, wherever he can,
To honor the name of that noble man
Who was so heroic and brave and bold,
Although in his boyhood days we are told,
When he heard the words that his father said
His heart was filled with a terrible dread,
Because of the deed that he had devised,
Against the tree that his father prized,
That bought the hatchet that caused the trouble of Georgie.

XIII.

And *we* are *the girls*, who, in after life,
May each, perchance, be an honored wife ;
And may write our names on the scroll of fame,
Beside our beloved husband's name ;
If only we pattern from her, who stood
In her pure and lovely womanhood
So nobly by him whose fame began
When the boy foreshadowed the coming man ;
When he bravely uttered the words we've said,
Though his heart was filled with a terrible dread,
Because of the deed that he had devised,
Against the tree that his father prized,
That bought the hatchet that caused the trouble of Georgie.

EXPLANATION

All the speaking in this dialogue is done by twelve girls ranging from five or six to ten or twelve years of age. The effect is greatly heightened and improved if all the girls can be dressed alike, each wearing an old fashioned, long dress reaching almost to the floor and made of black paper cambric, silesia or the like. Each should wear a white Martha Washington cap and square shoulder cape folded diagonally.

The caps and capes may be made of tarlatan or something similar. The thirteenth girl should be a full grown young lady, or a woman of almost any age could very well take the part. She should be dressed similarly to the twelve girls, but her hair might well be powdered to whiteness and since she is "old and bowed" her shoulders should be padded up to suit the part.

The father should be a full grown man dressed after Revolutionary style, with three-cornered hat, cut-away coat, showy vest and ruffle round the neck, knee pantaloons with long hose, low shoes with large buckles or bows, as shown in historic pictures.

Little George should be a small boy ranging from five to seven years of age, and dressed in a manner somewhat similar to the father or to pictures of him given in some of the older histories. All of the fifteen pupils should wear a small U. S. flag on the left breast and a small, red, pasteboard hatchet on the right. All except little George should wear a pair of spectacle rims with bows, but with glasses omitted. These can easily be obtained from any dealer in this line, and will add to the effect.

The paragraphs, verses or stanzas should be performed and illustrated as follows: When the curtain rises the stage should be vacant, all the pupils standing behind the scenes in readiness. The first girl, who speaks verse I, should be the smallest and the size of the performers should gradually increase to the sixth. The sixth and seventh should be about the same height, then the size should gradually diminish to the twelfth, who should be the smallest of the last six, but not necessarily so small as the first.

No. I. enters and passes to the farther side of the stage carrying the largest and most life-like doll that can be obtained. As she speaks the line she holds the doll on the left arm and points to it while speaking.

No. II. then enters and stands beside No. I. and while speaking holds up a real hatchet, with handle and blade painted red, if possible.

No. III. enters and passes across the stage carrying, if the season permits and it can possibly be obtained, a real cherry tree, with leaves and possibly blossoms or ripe cherries on it, a nice shapely tree as large as the little girl can conveniently carry. A nice little wild cherry tree can often be secured by the boys who will be interested in getting it. We have several times used

other kinds of trees with shapely, symmetrical limbs, and teachers and school girls have worked for many days at their leisure, making artificial paper leaves and ripe cherries made of red muslin or cotton flannel cut round and sewed up with cotton stuffed inside. In this way a tree can be made to look real and natural if they care to take the trouble. After the third speech the little girl stands the tree upright on the floor and holds it beside her.

No. IV. enters leading little George by the hand and after telling the audience that he is the boy, and finishing her speech, she reaches over and gets the hatchet from No. III. and hands it to little George who proceeds to show how he chopped the tree but who must be trained to be careful not to make a mislick and hurt himself or one of the girls. He then steps back and stands just behind No. V. who enters next.

No. V. enters carrying a large clear glass bottle, gallon size if possible, from one-fourth to one-half full of water. After speaking she stands next in the line with little George just behind her.

No. VI. enters carrying a large picture of George Washington in front of her, the picture being suspended from her neck with a ribbon of convenient length. As she speaks the first line she points to the picture with her right fore finger.

No. VII. enters also carrying a large picture of Martha Washington, the companion picture to that of George. These may be had for a few cents by writing to any school supply house in the cities.

No. VIII. enters leading by the hand, George's father, who should look perfectly serious and interested in matters going on, and who, after he has been duly exhibited, should step back behind No. VI. and stand just beside little George.

No. IX. enters leading George's mother, "old and bowed," who after the speech takes her place behind No. VII. beside her husband.

No. X enters with a large card, suspended in front the same as the pictures mentioned, and containing in large plain letters which can be seen and read all over the room, "I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET."

No. XI. enters carrying a good sized map of the U. S. such as can usually be obtained by carefully removing from some old school geography, a two-page map, each half facing the other, and pasting it on a heavier card about the size of the card carried by No. X.

No. XII. enters carrying a nice, bright, U. S. flag, as large as she can well manage.

Although the last two or three girls should be rather small, for the sake of appearance, yet they should be good speakers for their parts are long and difficult.

The XIII. or last verse, is to be spoken by all the girls together, in concert, which requires considerable drill and practice.

Also, beginning with the VI. verse, the last three lines, which are just the same in all the verses which follow, are to be spoken by all the girls together, who are then on the stage in line.

In speaking the last line in concert the girls should place considerable emphasis on the words *hatchet* and *trouble*, and should give a peculiar twist or circumflex to the word *trouble*, which will add materially to the effect.

When the speaking is finished the two little girls at the two ends of the line, Nos. I. and XII., approach each other, meeting at the middle of the line. Then they turn and with the flag and doll, side by side, leading the double line, all the others following in pairs, they march two or three times round the stage, or room, the mother and father with little George by his side, bringing up the rear.

We have usually had them march to the music of "Hail Columbia, Happy Land," or some such patriotic piece, which if played up promptly has fairly good march time.

This little piece has often been given to large audiences and has never failed to please immensely. It is remarkable how the children enter into the spirit of the piece and enjoy giving it.

To give point to this little play and for the information of any who perchance may not have read the little hatchet story in prose or who may have forgotten the particulars of it, we have usually had some boy or girl who reads well, to read the following prose version of the story as an introduction to the play just before the play begins:

THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY, IN PROSE

Is there any one here who has never heard the story of George Washington and his little hatchet? If there is, kindly give me your attention and I will relate it to you.

George Washington, as you no doubt already know, was a great and good man who lived many years ago and who was the first President of the United States. Because he did so much for the people he was called "The Father of His Country," and because he was such a good boy and such a famous man, hundreds, yes, thousands of boys have since been called George, and perhaps some of you have that honor.

When George was a little boy his father gave him a nice, new hatchet. George was much pleased with the hatchet and went about the yard and garden trying it on many different things to see how well it would cut. At last he came to a fine young Cherry Tree, and having tried and found the wood soft and easy to cut, he kept on until he had cut it entirely down, which did not take him long with his nice, new hatchet.

When his father came home in the evening and saw what had been done, he said, "George, some one has cut down one of my fine young cherry trees. Do you know who did it?" Poor George saw at once that he had done wrong, but he was too honest to try to get out of it by telling a falsehood, so, looking up into his father's face, he said at once, "Father, I did it. I cut down your tree. I did it with my little hatchet." Notice, boys and girls, that he said, "I did it," not "I done it," and that he did not try to avoid punishment by telling an untruth, as I fear some boys would have done.

But what did his father do? Why! he was so pleased with his little boy's honesty and truthfulness that he put his arms around George and said, "My dear boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell ONE SINGLE LIE!" George never forgot this lesson and no doubt his truthfulness and honesty had much to do with his becoming President.

Stories In Verse

DUPLICITY

1871

Old Farmer Jones once went to buy
Some corn from his near neighbor;
For his own crop had almost failed,
Because he would not labor.

His neighbor was an honest man,
Who ne'er deceit employs,
And so, the measuring of his corn,
Entrusted to his boys.

For he supposed that neighbor Jones,
But lately to him known,
Would be as honest as himself,
And take naught but his own.

But Jones, although his words were smooth,
And copious as the ocean,
Of honor and of honesty
Had not the slightest notion.

He would have stolen copper coins
From off a dead man's eyes,
And slyly chuckled to himself,
At such a lucky prize.

So when he reached the bin of corn
Old Jones began to swear,
Though in the presence of the boys,
For them he did not care.

He said the corn was "worthless stuff,"
And scarcely could be used;
And that all but the very best
By him must be refused.

So he must measure it himself,
And cull it out with care;
For him to buy such worthless corn
Would not at all be fair.

Jones then picked all the “nubbins” out
And every faulty ear;
And nothing would he let go in
That was not sound and clear.

And then he piled each measure up,
And held his hands on top;
And threw all ears into his box
That thus might chance to drop.

Of course the boys knew this was wrong,
But they were small and young,
And were not half a match for Jones
With his smooth, hateful tongue.

They therefore let him have his way,
And when the corn was sorted,
His load looked nice and clear and clean;
The bin was much distorted.

And yet the corn was ALL quite good,
None should have been rejected,
Nor would Jones thus have wronged the boys
If they had been protected.

But Jones kept grumbling all the while
About such worthless corn,
And said, his stock fed on such stuff
Would die before the morn.

An hour has passed—the younger boy
Has donned some better clothes;
And having mounted on a horse,
Past neighbor Jones’s goes.

He has an errand to perform,
And having changed his dress,
Jones does not recognize the lad
Nor where he met his guess.

And while the boy is riding by,
Old Jones talks very loud;
And as he shovels out the corn,
Of something seems quite proud.

He hears Jones boasting to his boys,
Saying with great eclat,
"I bought some corn this afternoon,
THE BEST I EVER SAW."

Now, men like Jones, we trust, are few.
And yet how few will say
And do the same before our face
As when we are away.

How many will defraud the weak,
Deceive the unsuspecting,
And thus abuse the very ones
Who mostly need protecting.

How many will prevaricate,
And vain deceit employ;
And practice their duplicity
E'en on a helpless boy.

RESOLUTION

1892

(Adapted)

If you've anything to do,
Let me counsel, friend, that you
With a resolution true,
Do it; do it.

If you've anything to say,
True or needful, yea or nay,

Do not wait some future day,
Say it; say it.

If you've anything to give,
That a worthy cause may live,
Be both prompt and positive;
Give it; give it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
You'll ne'er find a better way;
Pay it; pay it.

If some wrong you have to right,
Or some kindness to requite,
Do it, do it with your might;
Right it; right it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though its friends should jeer and shout,
And at once should cast you out,
Doubt it; doubt it.

If you've any grief to meet,
Help from Power Divine entreat;
And with resignation sweet,
Meet it; meet it.

If some truth you have to tell,
Which some error may dispel,
Tell it surely, tell it well;
Tell it; tell it.

If you've any trust to keep,
Guard it while you wake or sleep,
Traitors make the angels weep;
Keep it; keep it.

Whatsoever you find to do,
Let your courage ne'er fail you.
But with resolution true,
Do it; do it.

Stories In Verse

HE'LL DO

(A True Incident)

1890

In the early days of Illinois,
A weary traveler, at set of sun,
Came to a cabin by the way
When the work of a sultry day was done.

The housewife sat by the open door,
The children played beside the gate;
The farm-hand lay near by on the lawn,
The farmer at mill was detained till late.

The traveler requested lodging and food,
And said he was tired with the day's hard ride;
He had much hoped to reach the nearest town,
But distance and heat had turned him aside.

The woman replied, she could feed his beast,
And give him food, the best she had;
But as for lodging, she none could give,
Unless he were willing to sleep with the lad.

Now "the lad" she meant was the hired hand,
Who lay at full-length upon the grass,
Reading a book with so much intent
That he heeded not who might chance to pass.

The traveler said, "Let me see the lad,
And if he suits me I'll not object";
So she pointed toward the reader and said,—
"You'll not at all like him, I don't expect."

The reader was tall and lank and thin,
Quite coarsely clad, but neat and clean;
And the traveler saw at a single glance,—
Though poor, he was neither low nor mean.

So, looking him over, he said with a smile,
“Young man, such a lover of books as you,
Would never steal my watch nor my cash,—
I like him madam, he’ll do, he’ll do.”

The traveler, himself a lover of books,
Was engaged in their sale, an agent by trade;
Of course he was seeking for those who would buy,
For from such his living and profits were made.

So the night passed by in calm repose;
In the morning the agent some business sought,—
But, though he explained and argued and talked,
Not a single book by the family was bought.

The agent then sought to approach “the boy,”
And showed him his book in a careless way,—
“I like your books very much,” said he,
“But am sorry I haven’t the money to pay.”

The agent at first shook his head in doubt,
And then he reflected, “I’ve not paid my bill;
We’ll strike up a trade and count that in,
And then the young man can buy if he will.”

So he said, “Young man, pay my lodging for me,
And I’ll wait for the balance till some future day.”
This the lad accepted, and pleased with his books,
Said, “If the will be good, there’s always a way.”

The agent then, pleased with the sale of his books,
Took pencil to make an account of the same;
And when he inquired of the youth what to write,
The young man replied, “Abe Lincoln’s my name.”

A noted man in a wealthy book firm,
Our agent at length after years became ;
And I need not say, though the debt was paid,
He never forgot his customer's name ;

But in after years when again they met,
They laughed at the trade made between the two,
And the agent would proudly say to his wife,—
“Yes, I like him madam, he'll do ! he'll do !”

LINCOLN'S PEOPLE

1919

The great may not be proud nor grand,
But quite the humblest in the land ;
For such our martyred Lincoln proved,
And all humanity he loved.

'Tis true that Lincoln loved mankind,
The simplest, humblest one could find ;
Though high and lowly had their part
The poor came nearest to his heart.

Yes, Lincoln loved the common folks,
And often cheered them with his jokes ;
For he was one of them, you see,
And wished no other kind to be.

“THE MAN OF SORROWS”—he was known
For cheerful, optimistic tone ;
And troubles o'er which most men grieved,
With kindly humor he relieved.

He was no born aristocrat,
With wealth and servants and all that ;
A plain and unassuming man,
The kind who do the best they can.

He did not try to ape the kings,
With royal pageants and such things;
He never cared, nor tried, not he,
To mimic the no-bil-i-ty.

He honored not the courtly class
Who on their blood and rank would pass;
The sham nobility of birth,—
But, true nobility of worth.

He was far greater than he seemed,
And often wiser than men deemed;
A kind of nature's nobleman,—
A typical A-mer-i-can.

He sympathized with those who toil,
And do not fear their hands to 'soil;
And loved the best the men who stood
Most firmly for the right and good.

He rose from an obscure estate,
To stand among the wise and great;
And since he loved his fellow men,
Their love returned to him again.

He greeted all with kindly grace,
His good-will beaming from his face;—
Though not with outward beauty blest,
Beauty of spirit he possessed.

He loved the common people most,
And said, responding to a toast:—
"THE COMMON PEOPLE! God must love them,
Because He made so many of them."

Stories In Verse

A FEATURE OF THE SOUTHLAND

1900

(After attending the National Educational Association at Charleston, S. C., in August, 1900.)

Oh! the festive mosquitos do bite, oh!
From the morning all through the night, oh!
And whether you're great
Or whether you're small,
Or whether you're black or you're white, oh!

A canopy sure you will need, oh!
Or else right upon you they'll feed, oh!
From your feet to your head,
Till you'll wish you were dead,
Unless this precaution you heed, oh!

Some have gone from the North, East and West, oh!
And have tried in this South-land to rest, oh!
But in one single night
They have looked like a fright,
From the wounds of this terrible pest, oh!

So fierce and so savage they get, oh!
When excluded by screen or by net, oh!
Round window and door
They sing and they soar,
Then alight on the oak trees and *bark, oh!

Yes, they truly become very fierce, oh!
When your hide with their needles they pierce, oh!
Still doing their best
To lull you to rest,
While they greedily finish their feast, oh!

*They would light on the bark of the trees, of course.

'Tis surely a wonderful thing, oh!
How remarkably well they do sing, oh!
With all parts, high and deep,
Try to lull you to sleep,—
Tenor, alto, soprano and basso.

Their dimensions are quite a surprise, oh!
For they surely are monstrous in size, oh!
And those who've been there,
Avow and declare,
That †many will weigh quite a pound, oh!

The charms of this South-land are great, oh!
Its beauties I'd not underrate, No!
But with Pat I must choose,
That you me will "Oxcuse"
From the charms of this dreadful "moskato."

†It would take very many, no doubt.

SONG OF "THE FLU"

1918

(Russian Epizootic, French LaGrippe, Spanish Influenza, or plain
American Grip—Take your Choice.)

Oh! I have caught it without a doubt,
For every symptom is standing out;
My eyes are flowing, my nose ditto,
I have "liquidated," don't you know?
A pain in my head, my throat, my back,
With aching bones, all on the rack;
I surely must have taken "The Flu"—
Kerchee! kerchee! kerchoo! KERCHOO!

A fever is raging through my head,
Guess I'll just tumble off to bed;
Please get the quinine and ipecac,
And put VapoRub all down my back;
Call Old Opedilldoc,—that's a cinch!
Or Old Doc Yack might do in a pinch;
I feel just as if my grave were dug,—
Kerchee! kerchee! kerchoo! KERCHUG!

Now do be quiet if you please,
Why! I can do nothing but cough and sneeze;
I hope you will not speak cross to me,
For I might resent it, don't you see?
For when one can't get a bit of rest,
His temper is not quite at its best;
And now I am Sir Mis er ab les,—
Kerchee! kerchee! kerchoo! KERCHEES!

I'll try to sleep just a little bit,
Perhaps this pain in my head will quit;
Some handkerchiefs please, about a score,
And VapoRub me a little more;
I wish I knew this grip's real name,
But what's the use, they're all the same;
I'm feeling a little better now,—
Kerchee! kerchee! kerchoo! KERCHOW!

I wonder just where I caught this Grip,
But I've gadded round on many a trip;
It's worse than "Dutch Measles" or "Rheumatiz,"
But Vick's VapoRub will do the "biz";
I have tried to prevent the open sneeze,
That I might not scatter the disease;
But I fear all my friends will take "The Flu,"—
Kerchee! kerchee! kerchoo! KERCHOO!!

Stories In Verse

OLD BACHELOR BROWN,

or

THE STOLEN DANCE

1892

Old Bachelor Brown was a curious man,
Who must take ample time to develop each plan,
Before he would venture or take any chance;
And questions which some would decide at a glance
Would keep him reflecting and thinking for years;
But at last, when he made up his mind, it appears,
All the powers couldn't move him, and what he decreed,
Of course would take place; he was sure to succeed.

By prudence and patience, and caution and care,
By constant employment and most frugal fare,
He amassed quite a fortune, and then, if you please.
He made up his mind he would live at his ease,
And try to enjoy all the pleasures of life
By quietly settling him down with a wife.

He had courted a maiden for twenty years past,
And now he decided to wed her at last;
But, of course, such a prudent man, sober and sage,
Before catching a bird he would look for a cage;
So he set about hunting a plan for a house
In which they could live just as snug as a mouse.

In a year he had found him a suitable plan;
In another a contract had made with a man
Who the dwelling should build, thus and thus, thus and so.
For unless built exact, 'twouldn't suit him, ah no.
In a year it is finished outside, snug and neat,
In another the inside is made quite complete;

Four years have elapsed since Old Bachelor Brown
Decided to marry and settle him down;
And yet he is waiting to get things in shape,
And is fearful that something by chance may escape;
The house must be furnished from A, B and C,
Clear through the long list down to X, Y, and Z;
And nothing for ornament, comfort or use,
At last must be wanting, through any excuse.

Five years have now passed since he chanced to decide
A mansion to build that was fit for his bride;
The neighbors have talked and have guessed and accosted,
Till their small stock of gossip is well nigh exhausted;
They had hoped he would give a grand wedding reception,
But delay made them fear he had practiced deception;
And would not wed at all, but some other design
Had caused him to fit up this mansion so fine.
His neighbors were given to frolic and pleasure
And doted on dancing and such, beyond measure;
So they hoped and expected and wished, one and all,
To be summoned at last to a grand wedding ball.

Though Brown is now forty and five years of age,
And has taken five long years to fit up a cage
For his birdling, who now is full forty years old.
He is yet in no hurry the nuptials to hold;
But must take further time for some personal matters,
In the hands of the shoemakers, tailors and hatters;
Till at last all the gossips and neighbors around
Became so impatient their wrath knew no bound.

They saw the fine dwelling complete to the letter,
And thought that the owner could surely do better
Then let it stand idle, with none to enjoy it,
And so they concluded, themselves to employ it
By having a ball without asking the owner,
Who would surely object to becoming the donor

Of such a rare privilege as having a dance,
In such a grand place, many months in advance
Of the noted event it was meant to betoken;
So they made an engagement without a word spoken.

Smith and Jones were the leaders in this insurrection.
As they were in most things that occurred in this section;
These went all around and invited each guest
Whom they thought would attend,—north and south, east
and west,
Telling all to be quiet and knowing and wise,
For, “the party,” said they, “is to be a surprise.”

Now Brown lived alone away off to one side,
Full a mile from the mansion designed for his bride;
But his neighbors had noticed for many a day,
That one night in each week he was always away;
And so, without doubt, they supposed, one and all,
He, upon his intended, was making a call;
And that this would afford them an excellent chance
To open his house and engage in a dance.

Thus a night was selected when Brown was away,
And the house being opened with little delay,
The guests soon assembled, all dressed in their best,
From north and from south, from east and from west.
The Smiths and the Joneses, the Skinners and Faunces,
The Blacks and the Whites, the Greens and the Sconces;
The Millers and Weavers, the Meanses and all,
The young and the older, the short and the tall,
Country folks of all ages and every persuasion
Assembled enmasse on this noted occasion.

Such a dance was ne’er known in this part of the world;
They singled they doubled, they circled and whirled,
The violins screeched, Brown’s piano, it roared;
While freely the beer and the liquors were poured.

The guests were all merry and filled with delight,
Except when the drinking engendered a fight,
Which was only a little diversion, and so
The dancing went merrily onward, you know.

And thus it continued till late in the night,
When Brown, riding homeward, discovered a light,
As he thought, through a window, far off, so he went
At once to his mansion to see what it meant.
“The party,” you know, was to be “a surprise,”—
Which party was, most, you will quickly surmise.
Of course, Brown was angry to see such intrusion,
And suddenly entering amid the confusion,
He dextrously seized upon two of the men
And thumped them and beat them in turn, so that when
The crowd had discovered the truth of the matter,
They quickly and wisely decided to scatter;
Without even waiting to say a good-night,
To close up a door or to blow out a light.

But Brown closed the door and a few locked within,
Demanding of them who the leaders had been;
And though they at first entire ignorance professed,
They finally named Smith and Jones and the rest
Who most active had been in planning the ball,
But who had escaped from the house, one and all.

Then he had Smith and Jones and some others arrested,
And at next term of court was their presence requested;
When he sued them for trespass and damage toboot,
And thus the result was a famous law-suit,
Which, after postponement, and change of venue,
In the course of some years toward a settlement drew;
But not until some heavy fines were assessed,
Which the wrath of Old Bachelor Brown soon repressed.

The fines and the costs, and the damage to cover,
Amounted to five hundred dollars or over ;
Which proved such "surprises" a dear kind of play,
And that people who dance must the fiddler still pay.
A hundred of this made Brown fully content,
While a good hundred more to the lawyer went ;
Three hundred into the school fund passed,
And thus the affair was all settled at last ;
But those country folks never, by any mischance,
Attempted again thus to pilfer a dance ;
But resolved once for all to be open and fair,
And whenever they danced, do it honest and square.

But Brown liked not dancing nor aught of the kind,
So he now freely gave them a piece of his mind ;
Saying "Those who love dancing, I've often heard said,
Have more brains in their heels than they have in their
head ;

For, if one has a talent for anything fine,
For music or painting, or aught in that line,
He will sing or will paint or whatever he can ;
But how with the gay dancing woman or man ?
Wherever you find them, when two of them meet,
They at once have a weakness for shaking their feet ;
And are constantly pining a ball-room to find,
Which becomes such a craze that it weakens the mind ;
And so I have heard," said Old Bachelor Brown,
"That the brains of such people are very low down."

Poor Brown is still single, for still he delayed
The nuptials to hold, being always afraid
That something was lacking ; and yet he might find
That he had too hastily made up his mind.

And while he thus waited, the poor would-be bride,
With grief and anxiety, sickened and died ;

And thus the delay of a too cautious man,
At last has defeated his most cherished plan;
For, being so cautious,—his lady-love dead,
Brown certainly now, will resolve ne'er to wed;
But will finish his days and for follies atone,
In his elegant, well furnished house, all alone.

MORAL

In courting, as in other matters, it seems,
That the only safe rule is—Avoid all extremes;
So my friend do not marry with unseemly haste,
Nor let golden moments be running to waste;
But when you are SURE you have found your intended,
Get married at once and much trouble is ended;
Unless some great obstacle rise in the way,
And then choose the earliest suitable day;
And let all who would on a brief court-ship frown,
Remember the fate of Old Bachelor Brown.

SONG. KEEP SMILING.

1918

Look up, sweet maid, and smile,
Be happy all the while;
I love you best
Of all the rest,
But most whene'er you smile.

If you must weep my dear,
I'll kiss away each tear;
Tears make us sad,—
Smile and be glad,
Your sweetest smile, my dear.

Your smile is sunshine bright,
Chasing away the night ;
Your frown, a cloud
Like sable shroud,—
Oh give us sunshine bright !

Yes, give us one bright smile,
Forget your cares awhile ;
'Tis joy to me
Whene'er I see
Your most bewitching smile.

REFRAIN.

SMILE, SMILE, SMILE,
Keep smiling all the while ;
I love you best
Of all the rest,
But most whene'er you smile.

A FROWN AND A SMILE.

1918

I.

You Frowned,—
A cloud passed quickly o'er my sky,
A tear drop started from my eye,
My heart oppressed and heavy grew,
Because of you ; because of you ;
You Frowned.

II.

You Smiled,—
The sunshine drove the cloud away
And ushered in a beauteous day,
My hand grew strong, my troubles light,
And all seemed bright ; yes all so bright ;
You Smiled.

III.

You Frowned,—

I trembled, and my heart grew sad,
As if no single joy it had;
I strove to break the fateful chain,
But all in vain; yes, all in vain;
You Frowned.

IV.

You Smiled,—

My heart again beat strong and fast,
And in its joy forgot the past;
The world seemed full of light and song,
And naught was wrong; no nothing wrong;
You Smiled.

TO JENNIE.

1880

Oh Jennie, Dear! 'tis very clear,
That you my heart have won;
For you're the fairest of the fair,
As every one must own.

Those eyes so bright send forth a light,
That would a savage charm;—
Oh may that love sent from above!
Protect thee from all harm.

And that sweet voice makes me rejoice,
Whene'er I catch the sound;
And long it lingers in my ear
Like music floating round.

Dear little dove come be my love,
And I'll be kind and good;
Then you will see, we'll happy be,
Oh how I wish you would!

ONLY

1919

I.

Only a FROWN; yet it pressed a sting
Into the day that had been so glad:
The red rose turned to a scentless thing,
The bird song ceased with discordant ring
And a heart was made heavy and sad.

II.

Only a SMILE; yet it cast a spell
Over the sky which had been so gray;
The rain made music wherever it fell,
The wind sung the song of a marriage bell,
And a heart was so happy and gay.

III.

Only a WORD; but it soothed the pain
Of an aching heart, and made it light;
And the heaviness did not return again,
But the day was like sunshine after rain;
And all things were joyous and bright.

IV.

Only a SONG; but it touched a heart
Which was hard and cold as the driven snow;
And soon hot teardrops were seen to start,
And he knew that it was not the singer's art
But a simple song that had moved him so.

V.

Only a KISS; but it sent a thrill
Through the soul of him who was mad for love;
And he fervently prayed, if it be God's will
That his joy might last, in its fullness, till
In His own good time, he be called above.

THE THREE ROSES

1890

I met a maiden, young and fair,
With laughing eyes and golden hair,
Just when the roses were half blown,—
She kindly plucked and gave me one.
The loveliest one of all its kind;
The fairest one that she could find.
I said, "Sweet maid, this opening bud
Is like your heart"; she understood;
And since we did agree,
She gave her heart to me.

In after years we walked once more,
Where balmy breezes perfume bore,
Of sweetest and most fragrant flowers
That ever grew in sylvan bowers.
This time she plucked and gave to me
A full blown rose, from which the bee
Was sipping dew, where honey flows.
Again I said, "How like the rose
The bee so freely sips";—
And so I kissed her lips.

Again, when many years had passed,
Another rose she gave; the last
That could be seen where roses grew,
For now the chill winds fiercely blew.
But ere my fingers had the power
To gently clasp my favorite flower,
The petals fell.—Soon she fell,—Then
"How like the rose," I said again.—
With bitterest remorse,
I strewed them o'er her corse.

Stories In Verse

APPRECIATION

1892

All day the wife had been toiling,
From the earliest peep of the sun
Till the gathering shades of evening,
Yet her burdens, one by one,
Seemed rising up before her,
In such an unending train,
That the very thought was to her
A source of the greatest pain.

The babe had been cross and fretful,
And everything else had gone wrong;
And thus with her tasks and her feelings,
The days seemed so dreary and long
That she earnestly wished for the evening,
To bring her some rest and relief;
But when it approached it had brought her
Instead of relief, intense grief.

Her hands and her feet were weary,
And her heart was extremely sad
When she recounted her burdens.
The little enjoyment she had;
And how she must toil on so busy
From early morn into the night,
With seldom a prospect to cheer her
Or render her burdens more light.

And while she was thus despondent,
Her thoughts wandered back again
To the bright, happy days of childhood,
When her life was so free from pain;

And she almost wished for freedom
From the bonds of her wedded life,
And that she had ne'er undertaken
The stern tasks of a faithful wife.

And thus while her heart was so heavy
That the burden she scarce could bear,
At last, in a torrent of weeping,
Exhausted she sank in a chair.
Her feelings were now at the flood-tide,
And while she so bitterly wept,
Her husband returned from his labor
And softly beside her he stepped.

Soon learning the cause of her weeping,
He bade her such feelings dismiss;
Then eagerly seized and embraced her
And bestowed an affectionate kiss.
The babe at this moment awaking,
Refreshed by its slumbers so sweet,
For the very first time lisped out, "Mamma!"
So cheery, their joy was complete.

Her sadness had now quickly vanished,
The house was so cheerful and bright,
And the clouds having passed in a moment,
The world and her heart were both light.
Through the mists of her tears she beheld now
The rainbow of love placed on high,
And so she resolved that in future
No clouds should o'ershadow her sky.

But always would strive to be braver,
And when she was weary and sad,
Would remember her duty to others,
And how she could make their hearts glad

By cheerfully doing her duty,
While banishing sadness with mirth,
Well knowing her loved ones would fully
Appreciate all of her worth.

And thus it so often has happened,
When one has been burdened with care,
A word kindly spoken in season
Has entered the soul like a prayer;
And a little kind act of affection,
When the spirit was panting for breath,
Has gone to the heart with such unction
That it bore richest fruit until death.

THE NISHNA VALLEY

1890

We have heard of Italy's beauty,
Her blue skies and balmy air;
And the traveler often has told us,
No other land is so fair.

We have viewed the fair scenes of Swissland,
Her mountains and lakes so grand;
And many there are who will tell us,
The Swiss have the fairest land.

And again, the Emerald Island,
With foliage so fresh and green,—
By many a lover of nature,
Is thought the fairest he's seen.

But we need not cross the old ocean,
For scenes both lovely and grand;
We may see if we look about us,
That our own is the fairest land.

We need not to seek the far "Sunland,"
With valleys and mountains sublime;
But may find, nearer home, such beauties
As belong to no other clime.

Right here in our lovely Iowa,
Fair nature and art have combined
To furnish us beautiful pictures,
Whose equal we seldom may find.

Look but once at our own lovely valley,
When robed in its summer attire,
And whoe'er can appreciate beauty
Such scenes they must greatly admire.

Oh! our beautiful Nishna Valley,
With its cities and towns and farms;
With its homes and its happy people,
And all of its Eden-like charms.

With its bluffs and its slopes and its orchards,
Its broad fields and its waving grain;
Its horses its sheep and its cattle,
Spread over the wide grassy plain.

With its thousands of prosperous people,
All busy from sun to sun;
Where on earth can be found a valley
Like this?—There's no other, not one.

Of its beautiful little cities,
There is one, more than all the rest;
Filled with noble intelligent people.
With peace and tranquillity blessed.

Shenandoah! thou fair Shenandoah!
When thee we behold from afar,
We perceive why the Red Man has called thee,
The daughter, the child of a star.

For when lovely Venus is rising,
And thy lofty light-tower we can see;
It seems that the light just beneath her
Her own lovely daughter must be.

Shenandoah, the pride of this valley,
With her schools and her churches, so grand;
You may travel this wide world over,
And you'll ne'er find a happier land.

Then let us not seek for another,
And when far away we may roam,
Be filled with regret that we ever
Deserted this beautiful home.

SO LONG

1919

So long as we dream pleasant dreams,
So long as pleasing songs are sung;
So long as hope's bright sun still beams,
And we can walk kind friends among;
So long as love our hearts entwine,
And care for others, pleasures give,—
While help and service still combine,
So long we all desire to live.

But when the dreams of life are past,
And every pleasing song has ceased;
And hope's bright sun has set at last,
And friendship's cord has been released;
When kindly smiles no longer greet,
And stranger takes the place of friend;
And none we meet with eager feet,
Ah! then, we long to reach the end.

SPRING

1869

See! see! o'er the lea,
We go forth so merrily;
We have left our work and play
To enjoy this pleasant day,
And to have a holiday,
Happy as can be.

Sing! sing! birds of spring,
How we love your caroling;
Surely we will all agree,
As you flit from tree to tree,
'Tis a pleasant thing to see
Birds upon the wing.

Neigh! neigh! horses gay,
Bear your riders far away;
Do not stop for heat nor cold,
Make us happy, young and old,
While the sun shines bright as gold,
This fine holiday.

Blow! blow! soft and low,
Balmy breezes; no more snow
Will impart an icy chill,
All the lovely flowers to kill;
No more frost, the air will fill,
Blow! breezes, blow!

Run! Run, golden sun,
Across the sky till day is done;
When at evening you go down,
And the night begins to frown,
We will hasten to the town,
Homeward every one.

THE MAGIC KISS

1895

O! Don't cry,
Baby dear,
Hushaby,
Mamma's Here;
Hurt its finger,
Never mind,
Get well quickly
You will find;
All you need
Is simply this,—
That great cure-all,
Mamma's kiss.

What's the matter?
Oh! do hear!
Such a clatter
Hurts my ear,
Please be quiet;
This is all,—
Darling baby
Got a fall.
Here comes Mamma,
What is this!
She's cured it with
Her magic kiss.

Cuts and bruises,
Aches and pain,
Mamma makes
All well again;
Out of high chair,
Out of bed,
Awful tumble,
Bumped its head;

Ah! Don't mind,
She cannot miss
To cure it with
Her magic kiss.

Talk of wonders,
Healing pain,
You'll never see
The like again;
Pan-a-cea,
Great cure-all,
This is one
Excels them all.
Oh! What comfort,
Ah! What bliss,
Baby finds in
Mamma's kiss.

OUR BABY

1889

Our baby is a cunning elf,
With bright blue eyes and golden hair;
A little copy of my-self,
And people say she's wondrous fair.

Of course, I credit all they say,
And think my-self a handsome man,—
But see our baby at her play,
Then find her equal if you can.

Her blue eyes sparkling clear and bright,
No one could paint, and few would try;
They shine with an ethereal light,
Their hues are borrowed from the sky.

She's been with us but half a year,
And yet how wise she seems to be!
What she has learned through eye and ear
Is quite a mystery to me.

She knows her neighbors, every one,
And always greets them with a smile;
No jester is more full of fun,
She laughs and frolics all the while.

Of music she is wondrous fond,
And seems quite charmed when Mamma sings;
And to accompany will pound
On pans and plates and other things.

On the piano she will play,
And try to sing like older folks;
And seems to know what others say,
And laughs and joins them in their jokes.

All objects seem to her a treat,
So full of interest every-thing,—
She plays now with her hands or feet,
Now with a spoon or napkin ring.

She seldom cries without good cause,
But seems so happy all day long;
Only in sleep there comes a pause,—
Her life's like one continual song.

This is a sketch of our "wee queen,"
A likeness of our little pet;
And people say they've never seen
A lovelier, happier baby yet.

May her young life, so pure and good,
Be a true index and a sign
Of grand and noble womanhood,
Shedding an influence benign.

We call her Alta; and the name
Means, high or noble; and we would
That she may grow to be the same
In name and person, as she should.

WHO IS IT?

1896

Blue eyes, shining, bright,
Like diamonds in the night;
Pearly teeth all in a row,
Who is it? Now don't you know?
Never was just such another;
That's my little brother.

Face bright as morning light,
Looking like a fairy, quite;
Lips opening all the while
With a most bewitching smile;
Was there ever such another
As my little brother?

Golden hair everywhere,
Clustering round his face so fair;
Cheeks like velvet, lips so sweet,
Dimpled hands and charming feet;
Did you ever see another
Like my little brother?

Singing, playing, all day long,
Busy hands and feet and tongue;
Little heart so full of love,
Tender as a gentle dove;
Sure, there never was another
Like my little brother.

A LETTER

To Baby Betty Lou

1918

Dear Baby Lou
With eyes so blue,
I write to ask
What you will do
When you grow up,
So tall and bright
And cease to be
A little mite
With flaxen hair
And face so white?

Sweet Betty Lou
With such as you,
Sure I can guess
What you will do:—
You'll smile and sing
And run and play
And dance and frolic,
Ah! so gay,
And catch the sunshine
E v e r y d a y .

You'll go to school,
My Betty Lou,
And some one
Will look after you.
Big sister Wanda,
Kind and true,
Will care for you;
So old and wise,
Compared to you,
My Betty Lou.

And something else,
I'm sure you'll do
My pretty Betty Lou:—
You'll have a sweet-heart,
Fond and true;
First, Daddy dear,
No doubt, 'twill be,
But later still,
Ah! wait and see;
You'll find a fonder one than he.

Now don't deny it
Betty Lou;
Sure you will act,
Just such as you,
Much like your Mamma
Used to do.
But that's all right
Miss Betty Lou,
You scarce can help it,
Such as you.

But we will all
Be fond of you
Dear Betty Lou;
And wish you well
Whate'er you do.
Yes, we will love you,
Oh, so true!
And may your griefs
And cares be few;
Sweet Betty Lou.

The time is long,
Oh, Betty Lou!
Since I a letter

Wrote to you.
Forgive the past,
I'll better do
Since I know you.
But now I must
Bid you adieu,
DEAR BETTY LOU.

IF WE WERE BUSY

1919

If we were busy being kind
To others, we would often find,
We had no time to make a fuss,
Because they were unkind to us.

If we were busy being good,
And doing just the best we could,
We would not have the time to blame
Some others who might do the same.

If we were busy being glad,
And cheering others who were sad,
Our hearts would often be made light
By seeing others' lives so bright.

If we were busy being true
To what we know we ought to do,
We would not need to scold and fret
About the faults of those we met.

If we were busy every day
In driving grief and gloom away,
This world would much more sunshine give,
And be a happier place to live.

Stories In Verse

LITTLE BILLY'S FRIGHT

1880

(A True Story)

Little Billy in the meadow,
Busy at his play;
Picking now the clover blossoms,
Chasing bees away.

Four years old is little Billy,
And so full of fun,
Hands are busy, feet are trudging
Round from sun to sun.

Now he stands with little bare feet
In the meadow path;
Plucking still the clover blossoms,
In his sunny bath.

Listen!! listen!! What's the matter
With our little man?
"Mamma!! mamma!!" hear him crying,
Help him if you can.

Has a bee stung little Billy?
Oh, no, worse than that,
See the blossoms he has gathered;
He has filled his hat.

"Mamma!! mamma!! come here quickly,
On, my slippers put,
For an ugly snake has kwalked
Wight across my foot;"

Mamma scarcely could believe him,
But his pleading cry
Told her something was the matter,
So she hastened nigh.

Her surprise you may imagine
When she nearer drew,
And at once, beyond all doubting,
Found it to be true.

So she seized a stick near by her,
Striking at its head,
And 'twas only just a moment
Till the snake was dead.

Then she in her arms uplifted,
Homeward bore her pet;
But the scare it gave our Billy,
He will ne'er forget.

BABY'S TREASURES

1891

Baby has her treasures
Numerous and rare,
Peep into the corner
And you'll find them there.

In a little basket,
Carefully she keeps
All her world of playthings,
While she sweetly sleeps.

Though they are not costly
It is very clear,
To this little lady
They are very dear.

But what are those treasures?
What can they all be?
Overturn the basket
And you'll quickly see.

Three small dolls come tumbling,
Rubber, bisque and knit;
Fact that they are broken
Matters not a bit.

Next a rubber rattle,
Then some bits of string,
Then a jumping doggy,—
Tiny little thing.

Now we find some marbles,
And some letter-blocks,
Half a dozen pencils
In a paper box.

Some of Papa's buttons,
Two of Mamma's spoons,
Fragments of a French harp,—
Baby played some tunes.

Little china kitten,
Striped rubber ball,
Broken ivory rattle,—
Must have got a fall.

Little wooden barrel,
Knife without a blade,—
Book that has the music
Which the baby played.

Linen a, b, c, book
Made so it can't tear,—
Wouldn't make no matter,
Baby wouldn't care.

These are baby's treasures,
Fanciful and rare,—
She has many others
That you'll not find there.

But her BESTEST TREASURE
Matters not how small,—
That nice little basket
Wouldn't hold at all.

Not to name her dresses,
Hoods and cloaks and shoes,
And all the little nice things
Which babies' mammas use;

Not to name her high-chair,
Rocker, cab and crib,
Nor her pretty aprons
Nor her fancy bib.

Baby has a treasure
Sent her from above,
Papa's best AFFECTION
And her Mamma's LOVE.

ORISON

1894

Thou who in the ancient time
Forth from Egypt's tropic clime,
Didst thy people safely lead,
And their cry for succor heed;
Hear us while we humbly pray,—
Guard our loved ones far away.

Thou who didst thyself reveal
To Jacob when at Penial,
And who freely blessed him there
Ere he ceased his fervent prayer;
Hear, oh, hear us while we pray!
Bless our loved ones, far away.

Thou who gavest the shepherd boy
Skill, the wild beasts to destroy,
And the mighty man of Gath
To o'ercome and quench his wrath;
Guide and keep and bless, this day,
All our loved ones, far away.

Thou who heeded Jonah's cry
When he saw that death was nigh,
And his life secure didst keep
From the monster of the deep;
Keep, oh, safely keep, we pray!
All our loved ones, far away.

Thou who with thy watchful eye
Seest every danger nigh,
Slumber needing not, nor sleep,
But unceasing vigils keep;
Grant thy watch-care night and day,
To our loved ones, far away.

Thou who always hearest prayer
From thy people everywhere,
When the spirit cries to Thee,
Lord, incline thine ear to me.
Keep, oh, keep all harm this day
From our loved ones, far away.

Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Guardians of thine earthly host,
Keep our loved ones safe in Thee,
Few and humble though they be;
Guard and guide them on their way,
Bring them safely home, we pray.

Stories In Verse

THE BIRD'S STORY

1892

Three blue-birds were sitting together one day,
While Nellie was passing to school;
All on the same twig, they were singing so blithe,
Just over the clear meadow pool.

The little girl paused to enjoy the sweet song
And to bask in the sunshine of spring;
For one thing she loved very dearly indeed,
And that was to hear the birds sing.

All at once the song ceased and the least birdie said,
"Please, mamma, a nice story tell
'Bout something which happened long, long time ago,
Before we lived here in the dell."

The mother bird said,—“I a story can tell
That will make your heart ache, 'tis so sad;
But you are so happy, I greatly dislike
To tell you a story so bad.”

“Oh! tell it, please mamma, do tell it to me,”
The little bird pleadingly said;
“I'll keep just as still as a birdie can be,”
And she listingly bent down her head.

The mother bird then, thus her story began,—
“One bright sunny day of the spring
My mate and I made us a nice cozy nest,
In a tree yonder, close by the swing.

“Then in just a few days, four nice little eggs
Could be seen in our cute little nest;
And we both were as proud birds as ever were seen,
Of the first eggs we ever possessed.

“I sat on them always, by day and by night,
And seldom would leave them at all,
Lest they should get stolen, or chilled by the cold,
Or some other ill might befall.

“And then I had learned from my mother, you know,
That soon, little birds would appear;
So my kind mate sat near me and sang all day long
The wearisome moments to cheer.

“Not many weeks passed till four wee little birds
Came peeping forth out of the shell;
Two brothers, two sisters, such sweet little pets,—
Our happiness then, none could tell.

“But a few days had passed when a rude, cruel boy
Came and climbed up, right close to our nest;
And he shamelessly took all my birdies but you,—
All but you, yes, he stole all the rest.”

Then the birds looked so sad, and so sorry they seemed,
That Nell scarce could keep back the tears;
For she knew that four birdies had been in the nest
And she “pitied the poor little dears.”

When Nell came from school she told all she had heard
From the birds sitting up in the tree;
Then her BROTHER looked guilty and hung down his head,
For he knew that the bad boy was he.

We hope that no boy who this story may read
Will ever rob birds' nests at all,
Or take from the nest, either birdies or eggs,—
It is cruel for large boys or small.

But we hope you'll remember that birds dearly love
Their eggs, and their little ones, too;
And if any rob nests, let it never be said
My boy, that it ever was you.

“AS BUSY AS I TAN BE.”

1891

A dear little lady, three summers old,
With eyes of azure and ringlets of gold,
Is earnestly playing not far from me;
And she is as busy as she can be.
I ask her to bring me a paper or book,
When she turns toward me with a comical look
And answers, “Please Papa, don’t bozzer me,
For I is as busy as I tan be.”

Yes, she is as busy as any one;
And it seems that her work is never done,
For as soon as she rises,—with eager delight,
Her labors go on without ceasing, till night.
But what if her business is mostly fun,
It’s exceedingly “portant” and must be done;
Yet she often finds time to run errands for me,
Although she is busy as she “tan be.”

She plays with her dollies, she romps with her pets,
She builds her block houses, her “lesson” she gets;
She sews for her mamma, she sweeps with her broom,
She “dusts off” her playthings, she “rights up” the room:
A thousand small things must be “tended to.”
All very important,—SHE only can do;
She scarcely can find time to sleep, you see,
For she is as busy as she “tan be.”

A lesson we learn from this little one,
That things which are useful, will never be DONE;
And yet WE should ever be busy as she,
For there’s always employment for you and me.
If this little lady finds so much to do;
There should be no idling by big folks like you;
And when she is older by many times three,
May she still keep as busy as she can be.

LULLABY

1918

Prelude

1. Baby is going to sleep.

I.

Bye baby byo, bye baby byo ;
Bye baby byo,
Oh ! close your eyes in sleep.
Baby is going to bylo-land,
Going to see the sights so grand ;
Bye baby byo,
Oh ! close your eyes in sleep.

Prelude

2. Do not disturb his (her) rest.

II.

Bye baby byo, bye baby byo ;
Bye baby byo,
Oh ! close your eyes in sleep.
Mother is soothing you into rest,
Birdies are sleeping in cozy nest ;
Bye baby byo,
Oh ! close your eyes in sleep.

Prelude

3. Soon he (she) will be asleep.

III.

Bye baby byo, bye baby byo ;
Bye baby byo,
Oh ! close your eyes in sleep.
The sand-man is coming to scatter sand,
Father is eager to lend a hand ;
Bye baby byo,
You're closing your eyes in sleep.

Prelude

4. Sleep till morning light.

IV.

Bye baby byo, bye baby byo;
Bye baby byo,
Oh! close your eyes in sleep.
Angels will guard your bed tonight,
Sleep my dear one till morning light;
Bye baby byo,
You have closed your eyes in sleep.

Prelude

5. Now he (she) is fast asleep.

V.

Bye baby byo, bye baby byo;
Bye baby byo,
Now you are fast asleep.
Sleep till morning without a care,
Mother will breathe just a little prayer;
Bye baby byo,
“May guardian angels keep.”

CODA:

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

PRAY

1892

Child, with peace and comfort blessed,
Loved, encouraged and caressed,
Every want at once supplied thee,
Nothing thou canst need denied thee,
While thy heart is free from care
And no sorrow lingers there,
Ere thy sweet joys pass away,
Pray! oh, pray today!

Happy youth, with life's bright morn
All thy prospects to adorn,
With the sunshine all around thee
And no lasting grief to wound thee,
With sweet health and strength to bless,
When to live is happiness ;
Oh ! forget not thou to pray
And thank God each day.

Man of strength and power and skill,
Battling with unyielding will,
Conquering nature, crushing foes,
While thy sway no limit knows,
While thou'rt served on every hand,
Monarch both on sea and land ;
Ere thy triumphs pass away
Look to God and pray !

Aged one with step so slow,
Faltering, trembling as you go,
Living o'er the life that's past,
Hopes and joys which could not last,
Little else to hope or fear
While thou'rt waiting, lingering here,
Ere the night succeed the day,
Pray ! yes, pray today.

They who suffer, they who toil,
Who are idle or who moil,
Who fare well, or who fare ill,
Should ask God to bless them still.
Blessings may be so reversed
That those most blest seem most accursed ;
Then let all the living, pray
And bless the Lord, each day.

ALONE

1888

No one to cheer,
None to caress;
All alone here,
My thoughts oppress
While I linger o'er the past,
Hope the present will not last.
Such is life here
When one's alone;
And those most dear,
All, all are gone.

Yes, all alone;
Time moves so slow;
Few hours have flown,
Days come and go
Yet they seem like weary years,
Filled with sadness and with tears.
Who could live here
Sad and alone,
When those most dear
All, all are gone?

No, not alone;
One is with me,
And in that One,
A blessed Three:—
God, the Father, He is here,
And the Son, our Savior dear,
And the Comforter.
Great Three in One;
All these are here,
I'm not alone.

A PLACE IN THE SUN, OR THE SHADE?

1918

A king and his henchmen waged war,
"To make them a place in the sun;"
And while this was but an excuse,
At first many victories were won.
But fighting on, year after year,
While vast devastation was made,
It quite plainly began to appear
They might lose e'en "their place in the shade."

Ambition had caused them to fight,
They were bound to rule o'er the whole world;
They cared not for justice nor right,
While huge armies for conquest they hurled.
They fought with most savage delight,
Their onslaughts were ruthlessly made;
Till at length there approached them, a night
Of the deepest and gloomiest shade.

This king and his henchmen, alas!
"Who fought for a place in the sun;"
While employing the vilest of means
And the basest of deeds ever done,
Soon found the reward they had made,
The last final hope they had won,
Was a night of eternal shade
Instead of a place in the sun.

There's a lesson which all men should heed,—
That the basest of business is war;
And none should e'er hope to succeed
Unless a just cause they fight for.
But when noble efforts are made
And everything worthily done,
We attain not the gloomiest shade
But the brightest place under the sun.

THE SUPER MEN

1918

The *Germans were "the super men," (?)
But now they're "in the soup;"
And so have doffed their haughty mein,
And look like any dupe.

The Yanks have got them by the nose,
And use but a few frowns;
To make them tremble in their boots,
In their own German towns.

They were too haughty and too proud
To speak to you and me
And always boasting of their great
Su pe ri or i ty.

But now they're humble as can be,
Quite *pu sil lan i mous*;
And you may treat them as you will,
They'll make but little fuss.

But don't be cruel with them boys,
Though quite like cannibals;
For well you know you should not be
Cruel to an *i mals*.

We still may hope that with good care,
If they will only try;
It seems quite possible they may
Learn better bye and bye.

For, if some get the idea
That they are *supermen*,
It shows a weakness in the brain
Which will be cured, just when

*Not the Germans of America, but the Junkers of Germany.

Their egotism and conceit
Are "shot to pieces,"—then
They suddenly, alas! find out
That they are mere *sub-men*.

WHAT IS LIFE?

1890

I asked a soldier, covered o'er with scars,
The increments and fruits of many wars;
"Life! ah, behold!" he said, "and you may see,
Life is a battle, Sir, at least for me."

I asked a sailor, darkling o'er the sea,
He grasped the helm, and wondering looked at me;
Then with a solemn voice this answer gave,—
"Life is a voyage and our port the grave."

Again, I asked a traveler, who lay
Weary and foot-sore at the close of day;
All night he pondered, then replied at dawn,—
"Life is a journey," and he plodded on.

I asked a slave, who weary with his toil,
Saw naught before him but unceasing moil;
"This life, ah, me!" he said, with bated breath,
"Life is a burden we must bear till death."

I asked a sculptor, who with fervent heart,
Long had pursued and perfected his art;
"Life! life!" said he, "that which no art can make,
'Tis but a breath, which God doth give and take."

I asked a teacher ; one who long had taught,
Who with imperfect means, perfection sought ;
And thus he answered, while his spirit yearned,—
“Life is a lesson no man e’er has learned.”

I asked a singer whose entrancing voice
Entered my soul and made my heart rejoice ;
“Life is a grand enrapturing song,” said she,
“Which we will sing through all eternity.”

I asked a poet who did this indite,—
“Life is a leaf of paper pure and white,
Whereon each one of us must quickly write
His word or two and then at once comes night.”

I asked a maiden who with spirit gay,
Still chased with flying feet the hours away ;—
She smiling said, “All things unreal seem,
Ah, ’tis so charming ! Life is but a dream !”

I asked a sage ; a man with hoary hair ;
Wrinkled with age and low bowed down with care ;
“Life’s but the breath of God,—’tis gone,” quoth he,
“In Heaven it will abide eternally.”

I yet one asked, deemed wisest of all man ;—
He pondered long and earnestly, and when
These several answers were recounted o’er,
He answered vaguely, “Life’s all this and more.”

I asked my own heart last of all, to tell
Me plainly, and all mystery dispel ;
But like the rest, my heart kept answering still,—
“’Tis this, ’tis that, ’tis chiefly what we will.”

ARMENIA

1896

In days of old when Islam raised the sword
And smote the Christians of the Orient,
The followers of Christ, with one accord,
Rose at the call of duty. With a zeal
Born of conviction, Christians flew to arms
And shouted, "Onward to Jerusalem!
And teach the Turk that Christ is King of Kings."
Ah! those were days which strangely tried men's souls,
Yet men were not found wanting. Noble kings,
Leading as noble subjects as e'er fought,
Followed the cross, the crescent to o'er throw.

All Europe was ablaze with Christian zeal,
And human life was held as little worth,
While blatant infidels defiled the cross of Christ.
Then merry France and sunny Italy
Grew fierce and threatening as a thunder cloud,
While England bade her sons gird on the sword
And hie away across the southern seas;
And staid old Germany with wonted zest,
Sent forth her noblest sons to fight and die.
The Hermit, Peter, and good St. Bernard,—
Richard, the Lion Heart, and Godfrey, brave,
Philip and Frederick, noble Bohemond,
Louis and Conrad,—these and many more
As full of zeal, as brave, if less renowned,
Went boldly forth to battle in His name,
And stay the tide of Islam, ere the Turk
Should claim the world as his own heritage,
With sword subdue the kingdoms of the earth,
Proclaim Mohammed's tenets far and wide
And thus blot out the purer faith of Christ.

Yea, e'en the children, in those olden times,
With spirits yearning for the common cause,
Arose in multitudes, took up the cross,
And gave their lives to aid the cause of Christ.

The fruits of those brave deeds we now enjoy;
The world can ne'er forget the service done;
For generations, Islam sheathed the sword,
And Christians lived and worshipped God in peace.

But now, again, when centuries have passed,
Fanatic rage has seized upon the Turk,
The sword of Islam is again unsheathed,
And Christian blood cries up to highest heaven.
A race must soon be blotted from the earth,
While Abdul Hamid, Sultan of the Turks,
A base fanatic, filled with Moslem hate,
A coward of cowards, a by-word for all men,
Pretending still to curb his murderous bands,
Promotes the bloody scourge by secret means,
Thus hoping he may fool the Christian world
And murder Christians while he plays the friend.

What! shall we now not fight as well as pray,
Like those grand warriors of the olden time,
And prove us worthy soldiers of the cross?
Hear! hear! oh hear the cry from o'er the seas,
The widow's voice, the orphan's stifled breath,
The voice of childhood and the voice of age,
All pleading, "Come and help us ere we die!"
The soul that is not moved by such distress,
The heart that is not melted by such woes,
Is hard as adamantine rock, and should
Be sent to nature's mint to be recast
Into the form and substance of a man!

Ah! why should men and nations idly stand
And view such crimes against a helpless race?

Why should they not rise up with one accord
And blot this Moslem stain from off the earth?

Oh, for a Cour de Leon in these latter days!
A second Peter, filled with fiery zeal,
To quit his hermitage and hasten forth
To preach a new crusade against the Turk!
Oh, for an England of the olden type,
A France, a Germany, an Italy,
To champion again the cause of Christ;
For men and nations who their faith revere
More than the intrigues and the schemes of courts;
Who will not sell their Lord for paltry gain,
Nor wink at crimes that cry to highest heaven!

God give us men to suffer for Christ's sake;
Brave men and true, who will not idly stand
And see an hundred thousand kindred slain;
Slain by the ruthless, vile, fanatic Turk,
Forsooth because they hold to faith in Christ.
Can it be so, that Christian men speak not,
Nor raise the voice to stay the bloody hand
That threatens to blot out a race of men?
Yea, e'en the Premier of a mighty realm
That boasts itself the greatest Christian power,
Has deigned to wash his hands of every stain,
And say to all mankind that he is not
The keeper of his Christian brother's soul,
And, therefore, is not bound to fight the Turk
Whene'er he fails to treat his subjects well.

O blessed Christ! can it have thus occurred
That in these latter days of light and power,
Thy mightiest vassals have forsook thy cause,
And so turned sophists to excuse themselves
For helping on the cause of Antichrist?
O open Thou the hearts of men once more,

And give them faith and light that they may see,
The surest way to help thy cause and Thee,
Is only this,—to help their fellow men
Who follow Thee; and honor thus thy name.
Is Christian love and Christian valor dead?
Has faith in Christ and in His cause expired?
Great god forbid! but let thy hosts arise
To conquer this and every other foe!

SONG

PITY THE POOR

(Ye have the poor always with you. Matthew XXVI, 11)

1890-1918

The poor are always with us,
For help along their way;
To lead from paths so lowly,
Into the joys of day;
Their needs are great and many,
Helpers, alas! are few;
But God will help and bless us
In all the good we do.

Chorus.

Pity, oh! pity the poor,
Pity, oh! pity the poor,
Do not oppress them,
But comfort and bless them,
Yes, pity, oh! pity the poor.

Yes help the weak and needy,
The sick, the faint, the blind;
And help the poor benighted,
Shed light in his dark mind;
How far a little candle,
Will throw its feeble beams;
So every deed of kindness,
Is mightier than it seems.

Chorus.

Pity, oh! pity the poor,
Pity, oh! pity the poor,
Give them protection,
Support and direction,
Yes pity, oh! pity the poor.

To help those who are troubled,
Will shed a joy divine;
Along their gloomy pathway
A blessed light will shine;
And oft a double blessing
Will surely be received;
For God will bless the giver
And those he has relieved.

Chorus.

Pity, oh! pity the poor,
Pity, oh! pity the poor,
Share all their trouble,
And make their joys double;
Yes, pity, oh! pity the poor.

WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE.

A Dialogue.

(Adapted)

1922

I

Boy.

Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough;
It often has protected me
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my grandfather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,—
Thy ax shall harm it not.

II.

Woodman.

O meddle not, fresh kid!
My ax, I'd have you know,
Doing as I was bid,
Whole forests has laid low.
Vast farm lands we have made,
Where worthless woods had been;
Destroyed the blighting shade
And let the sunshine in.

III.

Boy.

Our dear old family tree,
Whose glory and renown
Have spread from sea to sea,
Thy ax shall not hew down.
Woodman, withhold thy hand,
Cut not these earth-bound ties;
O spare this tree so grand!
Now towering toward the skies.

IV.

Woodman.

Youngster, why should I pause
And do the thing you ask?
Do I break any laws
When I perform this task?
The owner of this land,—
And you know who he be,
Has said, "Take ax in hand
And cut down this old tree."

V.

Boy.

When but a little boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their bounding joy,
Here, too, my 'sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand;
Forgive my foolish tear!
O let our old tree stand!

VI.

Woodman.

Well, I'll not cut it now,
I'll see the boss again;
Nor harm a single bough,
To give you so much pain.
I'll not touch it at all,
The boss may scold and frown,
But if this tree must fall,
Himself shall cut it down!

VII.

Boy.

My heart strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend;
Here let the wild birds sing,
Here let thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storms still brave.
Kind woodman, leave this spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax will harm us not.

THREE GREETINGS

(Adapted)

1919

A Christmas Card

If it should *snow* on Christmas Day,
A fairy message there will be
In every feathery snowflake gay,
All loaded down with love from me.

If it should *shine* on Christmas day,
I'll send you love and joy and cheer ;
And every bright sunbeam will say,—
“I wish you Merry-Christmas, Dear.”

A New Year's Card

If it should *snow* on New Year's Day,
A fairy message there will be
In every feathery snowflake gay,
All loaded down with love from me.

If it should *shine* on New Year's Day,
I'll send you love and joy and cheer ;
And every bright sunbeam will say,—
“May you be Happy All the Year.”

Holiday Greeting

On Christmas, or on New Year's Day,
If it should *snow*, each flake will be
A fairy messenger so gay,
All loaded down with love from me.

On Christmas, or on New Year's Day,
If it should *shine*, let each beam say,—
“A Merry Christmas may you see,
And Happy New Year, too, from me.”

MY FRIEND

1888

(Written in contrast and as a counterpart to Adelaide Proctor's poem entitled "Grief.")

I have a tried and trusted friend,
Who will be faithful to the end;
Though all other friends forsake me,
Grief and shame and want o'er take me,
Yet this friend, so true and tried,
Ever standeth by my side.
Oft he whispers in my ear,
Words of comfort and of cheer;
When attacked by grim Despair,
Quick my friend hath met him there,
And has always been the stronger,
Letting Grief oppress no longer.

When a child I sometimes grieved,
As I mused upon my lot;
Then my troubles he relieved,
For he never long forgot;
But would make the darkness bright,
And would show me where the light
Shining through the gloom of night,
Soon would break upon my sight.
I, at first, could scarce believe,
That he sought not to deceive;
But the better I have known him,
More my friend I wished to own him.

When in youthful days I'd languish,
O'er the ills which then befell,
He would soothe my burning anguish,
Teaching me to say,—“Ah well!
This will last but for a day,
Quickly it will pass away.”

Thus he taught me to be cheerful,
Rather than to pine and fret;
Not of little ills be fearful,
But to practice to forget.
Thus, while I was yet a boy,
He did fill my heart with joy.

Once, upon a bed of pain,
I for many days had lain,
And not once had seen my friend;
There I thought my days would end
In a strange and foreign land,
Where no kind and tender hand
Ministered unto my wants,
Such relief as friendship grants.
When I felt I must despair,
Lo! my old-time friend was there.
He had followed,—crossed the sea,
And had come to comfort me.

With his aid my strength returned;
All my life-blood in me burned,
And my soul within me yearned,
While I on my pillow turned;
Wishing that I might be free
And return across the sea.
Said my friend, "Thy wish shall be
Ere long granted unto thee."
But without his cheering face,
There is not a single doubt,
I'd have perished in that place;
There my lamp of life gone out.

Oft with loved ones I have parted;
Some in life and some in death.
When I grieved, near broken hearted,
Then my friend has said to me,

“All your loved ones you may see.”
He has calmed my fainting breath.
Thus he’s ever been my stay,
My good angel and my solace;
Driving all my griefs away,
If I dwelt in hut or palace.
Dearest earthly friend to me!
He, no doubt, is such to thee.

Once within a prison cell,
Long I languished. None can tell
What I suffered in that place.
Oh! that I might now efface
Every memory of the woe,
I was there compelled to know;
For had not my good friend tried
To my heart to bring relief,
In that place I would have died,
From my suffering and my grief.
But he was my solace there,
As he has been everywhere.

Once, in battle, I was wounded,
And I lay all night in pain;
Death on every hand surrounded,—
Would I see my friends again?
Would my distant loved ones find me,
Ere the spark of life had fled?
Arms that fondly had entwined me,
Find me stark among the dead?
Thus while I within my heart,
Wondered what would be the end,
Something quickly made me start!
’Twas the voice of my old friend.
Should my good friend ever die,
I will pray that then may I
In the same grave quickly lie;

For I care not to survive him,
He has been so dear to me;
When my call cannot revive him,
May I then lie low as he.
Can you now my friend descry?
Surely you, yourself, have known
Such a helpful, cheering one.
I will speak no more in trope,—
Best of earthly friends is HOPE.

Who would live when hope has fled?
Every hope of earthly blessing,—
Who be numbered with the dead,
Not a hope of heaven professing?
Hope! thou anchor of the soul,
Nerving all to best endeavor;
Whene'er thou hast lost control,
Ship-wreck is avoided, never!
Then may hope our spirits cheer,
Hope of good our whole life leaven;
Hope for every blessing here,
And the brightest hope of heaven.

THE SOLITARY OAK

1900-1921

Huge tree, if thou couldst only speak and tell
The history of thy life, and what has passed
Since first the tiny seed which brought thee forth
Was buried 'neath the soil; thy story then
Would make a volume to be read of men.

How proudly thou dost tower toward the sky!
How deep thy roots sink down beneath the soil!
And while we wonder at thy majesty,
Who can compute thy years, or know the day
When thy huge trunk was but a tiny spray?

Are we not tempted now to hew thee down
And count thy growth rings but to know thine age?
Yet, when we think of all thou hast endured
And all the scenes beheld,—thou forest King!
Thou seemest to us almost a sacred thing.

What were the scenes which first surrounded thee?
Do they reach back to those primeval days
When dusky warriors roamed the forest shades
And sought their prey of savage men and beasts,
Or held beneath thy boughs their greedy feasts?

While thus we gaze upon thy mighty form
Our minds behold, in panoramic view,
The events of centuries passing round thee still.
We hear the war-whoop echoing through the wood,
When on this plain a dense old forest stood.

Around thee thick and fast the arrows flew;
While wounded warriors writhing in their pain,
Lay moaning on the earth, which, stained with blood,
Nourished thy roots. When many years had passed
These scenes were changed. The pale face came at last.

Close by thy stem the hunter built his lodge
And found a peaceful shelter. Here the deer
Went bounding past thee; till the well aimed ball
Its bloody work had done. When night returned,
Here at thy foot, the hunter's camp-fire burned.

At length the ax-men came. With sturdy blows
They felled the mighty forest; all save thee.
And still thou standest as a monument
Of the great change which man in nature wrought,
And many a lesson unto us hast taught.

The settler built his cabin from the trees
That grandly round thee grew; and soon the earth
Brought forth the grains that nourished him and his;

The tasseled maize shot heavenward; and the soil
Gave rich reward unto the sons of toil.

What wondrous change the flight of time has wrought
Since first thou hadst a being! Dost thou love
The scenes which now surround thee, more than those
That first thou didst behold? If thou couldst feel
Wouldst thou rejoice or signs of grief reveal?

For centuries past, the birds have built their nests
Among thy branches; and have sweetly sung
Their love songs to each other; while beneath,
Upon the fresh green grass, in thy cool shade,
From year to year the happy children played.

Here, our own parents when but youth and maid,
Found a fair trysting place on mossy seat,
In thy cool shade; while all around thee here,
Bright blooming shrubs and flowers and grasses grew,—
Here was the Paradise our parents knew.

And here they lived and here a home they built,
Nor e'er were banished from this happy place;
But blessed with sons and daughters, lived and loved
The spot made sacred to their memory,
With thou a living monument, grand tree!

Here lived our parents, brothers, sisters, all
Who make life dear and dedicate a place
By all the memories of a happy home.
But all have passed away; and I alone
Am left, old tree, to make thy story known.

But thou art not immortal; soon thy form
Shall moulder into dust, and thus will end
Thy life so grand and so inspiring, too,
That all must say, indeed, thou hast done well,
And seemest almost fit in heaven to dwell.

COUPLETS, QUATRAINS AND OTHER STANZAS

Inhumanity.

Let us teach man, 'tis inhuman,
To destroy his fellow man.

Page 52

Lincoln's People.

"The common people; God must love them,
Because He made so many of them."

Page 87

Hope.

Thus while I was yet a boy,
Hope did fill my heart with joy.

Page 139

The Magic Kiss.

Oh, what comfort! ah, what bliss!
Baby finds in mamma's kiss.

Page 108

Armenia.

Oh for a Cour de Leon in these latter days!
A second Peter filled with fiery zeal.

Page 132

Dancing.

"Those who love dancing, I've often heard said,
Have more brains in their heels than they have in their
head!"

Page 95

A Mother's Love.

There sure is nothing, save the love of God,
So pure and holy as a mother's love.

Page 63

Aim High.

Grieve not although you lose the race;
Not failure, but low aim, is base.

What Makes a Man?

(Adapted)

It's the things you think,
And the things you do;
That make a wise man
Or a fool of you.

Reciprocity.

The world is like a mirror,
Reflecting what you do;
If you frown it frowns again,
If you smile it smiles at you.

Happiness.

If we were busy every day
In driving grief and gloom away,
This world would much more sunshine give
And be a happier place to live.

Page 113

Motto for the Children.

Duty.

Let's do our duty every day,
Just as it comes to hand;
Nor question why, till old enough
That we may un der stand.

Autumn Beauties.

The woods are very picturesque,
With many-colored leaves;
Of shapes fantastic and grotesque,
Which oft the eye deceives.

Jack Frost.

Jack Frost, he is a jolly fellow,
He makes the leaves fall quickly down;
As if they played at hide-and-seek,
In red and yellow, gold and brown.

Luck and Pluck.

Luck stands idly at the gate,
Wishing, waiting all the day;
While pluck goes smiling to his task,
And work, to him, is only play.

Men Wanted:

(Adapted)

The world is waiting for men
With hearts like the purest gold;
Men who will not betray their trust,—
Who cannot be bought nor sold.

Night.

Ah, hush! wild reveler,
The world is half asleep;
And who disturbs her slumbers
Must weary vigils keep.

Home Pleasures.

The joys of other days recite,
Recount them o'er and o'er;
But the home is ne'er so warm and bright
As when the north winds roar.

Page 5

November.

No birds to sing on spreading wing,
No beauties to remember;
No grasses green, no radiant sheen,
No, nothing, but, November.

Page 4

Aviation.

(From: A Dream Fugue,
By A. B. Carroll, Jr.)

Not clouds nor birds nor phantom forms,
Are flitting through the air;
But real men of flesh and blood,
And one a lady fair.

Immortality.

What shall we do to be forever known?

Our duty ever, we should nobly try;

“To live in hearts we leave behind

Is not to die.”

Recompense.

Some shall receive and some resign,

Some drink life's gall, some its sweet wine;

The reason is not understood,

But God will make the balance good.

Night.

Night is the sleep of nature,

When the world is in repose;

And who disturbs not her slumbers,

The happiest waking knows.

Irretrievable.

(Adapted from the Arabic)

Four things there are which come not to us back,

The spoken word, the arrow sped amain:

The life that's past, neglected chance; alack!

Not one of these can e'er return again.

October.

The frost has touched with artist's hand,

The forest's lovely tresses;

And filled with beauty, all the land,

By exquisite caresses.

Page 38

Immortality.

Thus it seems all living objects,

Soon or late must pass away;

Only man's immortal spirit

Lives unto eternal day.

Page 54

Resolution.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,

Let your courage ne'er fail you,

But with resolution true,

Do it; do it.

Page 83

Our Mother.

To make home happy and bring heaven near,
To love her neighbor, go at duty's call;
To win a smile and stay a falling tear,—
This was her mission,—this her all in all.

Page 20

Consolation.

A lover sighed,—
“Ah! woe betide
Me, life's all grief and pain”;
“Hush!” said a knave,
“You'll never have
To live it o'er again.”

God's Care.

Thou who with thy watchful eye
Seeth every danger nigh,
Slumber needing not nor sleep,
But unceasing vigils keep;
Grant thy watch-care, night and day,
To our loved ones, far away.

Page 118

The Grandeur of Labor.

All summer long the sons of toil,
With song and shout and laughter,
Have wrought and plowed and tilled the soil
And recompense came after.
The sounds the toiling millions make
Are earth's sublimest chorus;
In praise to Him who care doth take,
And daily watches o'er us.

Page 38

An autograph.

Dear Sister, may your young heart light,
Remain like this unsullied page so white;
May many friends your way surround,

And modest worth always in you abound;
May disappointment ne'er your fond hopes smother,
While I subscribe myself your loving brother.

Appreciation.

And thus it so often has happened,
When one has been burdened with care,
A word kindly spoken in season
Has entered the soul like a prayer;
And a little kind act of affection,
When the spirit was fainting for breath,
Has gone to the heart with such unction
That it bore richest fruit until death.

Page 103

The Laboring Man's Creed.

"Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep,
Eight hours for what we will."
We may possess each one of these
And be quite lacking still.
For, neither hours for work nor sleep,
Our minds with knowledge fill;
But we grow wise as we improve
"The hours for what we will."

Marriage.

In courting, as in other matters, it seems
That the only safe rule is,—Avoid all extremes;
So my friend, do not marry in unseemly haste,
Nor let golden moments be running to waste;
But when you are SURE you have found your intended,
Get married at once, and much trouble is ended;
Unless some great obstacle rise in the way,
And then choose the earliest suitable day;
And let all who on brief courtships would frown,
Remember the fate of Old Bachelor Brown.

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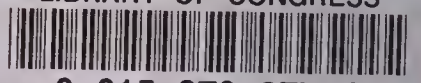
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